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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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BRADFORD VISITED BY BIG BLAZE.

Odd Fellows' Block Destroyed by Fire Early Tuesday Morning.

THADEUS GREEN WAS KILLED.

Six Men Were On a Ladder When It Broke. Green Was Killed, Others Received Severe Injuries.

The Odd Fellows' block and armory, formerly the Producers' Oil Exchange at Bradford were to-day destroyed by fire early Tuesday morning. It was about 1:15 o'clock when the fire, which had obtained a good start, was discovered and an alarm was turned in. The fire department was soon on the ground and the flames were then briskly devouring the interior of the armory of Company C.

A high wind was blowing and the water thrown upon the building seemed to have but slight effect. The entire structure was filled with smoke and when firemen attempted to enter the building they were driven back gasping for air, says the Bradford Era, from which this account is gleaned. Occupants were awakened and ladders were placed to the second story windows. Mrs. Carrie Latshaw occupied part of the second floor and conducted a dressmaking establishment. By means of the ladders Mrs. Latshaw, members of her family and employes who slept in the apartments were rescued.

A heroic young fireman rescued George Irvin, a [illegible] man, who occupied a room in the rear of the second floor, just before the flames reached him. He was nearly suffocated with smoke when the fireman reached him.

Six men were on a ladder in front of the building trying to save property when the ladder broke and Thadeus Green, John McCray, John Bigler, William McCafferty, Thos. Anglun and James Phelps were precipitated to the sidewalk. Green, who was 19 years old, son of a well known railroad man, struck on his head sustaining an injury at the base of the brain which caused his death a few hours later. McCafferty escaped with slight injuries. McCray's right leg was badly hurt, Bigler severed an artery in his wrist and Anglun and Phelps received bruises.

Within an hour the flames, fanned by the strong wind, had transformed the interior into a seething furnace and adjoining property was endangered, but the firemen fought the new danger and confined the fire to the doomed block. At 3:30 o'clock the west wall fell and several firemen narrowly escaped being buried under the debris. The cause of the fire is unknown at this writing.

The first floor of the building was occupied by the Evening Star office and composing room, the Bradford Building and Loan Association, Robert Bauer's insurance office and the Bradford postoffice. The Star's excellent equipment was completely destroyed, including two Mergenthaler type setting machines, a complete new outfit of type, presses, office furnishings, files and business papers, entailing a loss of $20,000. The Star, which will be issued for the present from the Era office, has the sympathy of the printing fraternity throughout the county.

Postmaster North hurriedly collected a force of his employes and by great efforts the mail matter in the structure was saved, while $500 worth of the postmaster's personal property went up in smoke.

In the rear of the building was a one story annex used as an armory by Co. C, 16th Regt., N. G. P. A small part of its property was saved, but equipment, etc., to the value of $10,000 was destroyed.

The second story of the building was occupied by Mrs. Latshaw, offices of Engineer A. G. McComb, Prudential Insurance Company, H. H. North, William Barnsdall and E. E. Tait, Esq. Mrs. Latshaw places her loss at $5,000, which is not nearly covered with insurance. The losses of the others on this floor aggregate about $8,000.

The third floor was occupied by Tuna Lodge, No. 411, I. O. O. F., McKean Encampment, No. 266, and Queen Esther Rebekah Lodge, No. 118. The lodge room was one of the finest in the state, and its lodge paraphernalia, valued at $5,000, was probably the finest in Pennsylvania. The Odd Fellows' Association estimate the loss on the building at $35,000; insurance about $17,000. The Rebekah lodge carried $1,200 insurance on its costumes and property.

The postoffice opened for business as usual Tuesday morning at rooms in the St. James block.

Mrs. Carrie Latshaw had just completed party gowns valued at nearly $2,000, for various society ladies in the city which were to be worn at the Orpheus reception Friday night.

If in search of holiday presents you, of course, want to see the latest and best. Don't fail to call on us as we have something for everybody.
McCoy's Drug Store.

ANCIENT HISTORY

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Died in Columbia hospital, Washington, D. C., on the 27th of November, 1864, Aseph Ferris, Co. F, 188th Regt., N. Y. Vols., aged 17 years.

Surgeon S. D. Freeman of the United States army has been spending some little time with his old friends in this place recently. He is the principal surgeon in the Department of Iowa, which embraces considerable of the northwestern territory, including the State of Iowa. His headquarters are at Dubuque, for which place he with his family left on Friday last. For the past season the doctor has seen very much of frontier life, having spent most of his time on the headwaters of the Missouri, away in the Territory of Montana. He brought home with him quite a collection of beautiful as well as valuable geological specimens, besides elegant buffalo robes and articles of Indian manufacture which were well worth seeing. He stands high in the medical department of the army and announces his determination to continue in the service until the close of the war. We wish him good health and a safe return before the close of '65.

If any of our townsmen have failed to do up their plastering this fall they can blame no one but themselves. For weeks past there has been a mortar bed in front of each house on Main street which extended from the residence of John C. Hamlin to Dr. W. Y. McCoy's. We will vouch for the mortar being thoroughly mixed for on Saturday night last we waded in it for about 20 rods to find our hat, which the gale had the audacity to remove from our head in a very sudden and uncalled for manner. We had a lantern with us, the light of which left us about the same time and as suddenly as the hat did. We had a few pounds of sugar under the left arm and a few pounds of crackers under the right arm, each put up in brown paper in Hamlin's and Swift's best style. When the hat was about to take its departure we very naturally raised our right arm to arrest its mad career when the crackers very naturally fell to the ground, the brown paper exploded and the crackers rolled whithersoever they might. It was a very dark night and of course the hat could neither be seen nor heard from. We started home in an amiable mood, our silvery locks streaming in the wind. We procured another hat and with a new light sending forth its rays from our lantern we sallied out in search of the lost—hat, not crackers. We found it, but at the cost of a wade in the mortar bed of at least 20 rods, as before stated. We know the mortar in that locality—which was from Mullin's blacksmith shop west—was well mixed that night.

We are pleased to learn of the promotion of Sergeant P. M. Fuller to the captaincy of Co. E, 58th Regt., P. V. He will make an efficient officer.

From the Cameron county sheriff's sales, which will be found in another column, it will be seen that Sheriff Taggart speaks of the "Borough of Emporium," which goes to show that our neighboring village has been incorporated into a borough. We are glad to note these "promotions," which of course makes our friends over there feel like a boy when he first puts on boots—highly important.

Died, at Hampton hospital, Va., Nov. 14, 1864, Andrew J. Rifle of the 58th Regt. P. V. Thus has gone another of our noble soldiers, who volunteered his services and life that the Republic might live. His funeral sermon will be preached at the Methodist chapel in Smethport on Sunday, Jan. 1st, 1865, at 10:30 a. m.

General Sherman has ended his victorious march by the capture of Savannah with 150 guns, 800 prisoners, 3 steamers, 33,000 bales of cotton, 13 locomotives and 190 cars. This will be a severe blow to the rebellion.

Kershaw's rebel division has been amusing itself by wandering around in the swamps of Central Georgia, taking care to look for Sherman just where he wasn't to be found, while Wheeler covered himself with glory by picking up an old hat in the road and sending a flaming dispatch to Richmond that he had "annihilated the Yankee cavalry and captured Gen. Kilpatrick's hat." All Richmond was wild over the "hat victory." Rebel editors predicted that they would soon get news of Sherman's capture.

Married, by A. P. Brewer, Esq., Dec. 29, 1864, Mr. Geo. W. King of Keating township and Miss Henrietta Rifle of Hamlin. Accompanying the above notice was some genuine old fashioned wedding cake of which we were made the lucky owner. The happy pair have our best wishes for their happiness and prosperity.

A Hartford paper of December 20 says one of the members of the Sixteenth Connecticut regiment has just arrived home from Andersonville. He formerly worked at Colt's and weighed, when he went away, 200 pounds. He is reduced now to a mere skeleton and weighs 50 pounds.

A Letter from Fred McCarty.

Cloudcroft, N. M., Dec. 9, 1902.

Friend Harry:

Since writing you last January I have had abundant opportunity to see the many interesting sights to be found in the Sacramento mountains. Weeks, yes I think I can safely say months, can be profitably spent in exploring the mysteries of the Sacramentos and enjoying with the birds their tranquil life. The mountain drives are inviting and diverting, and the bridle paths so replete with interest that they will charm the pleasure-seekers—far from the starting point. A day's journey on horseback, with a noon-day lunch in the woods is an incident of pleasure to every participant. Many wagon parties go to some favorite retreat and camp for the night. While hunters seek adventures and trophies in the wilder parts of the forests. There is experience, exercise and pleasurable excitement to suit any taste, fastidious or strenuous.

Perhaps no grander forest can be found in any country. The trees include the sugar pine, with its picturesque spread of boughs; the red fir, with corrugated bark; yellow pine, white pine, some a hundred, some two hundred feet high, with scarcely a limb for the first fifty feet, and often six feet through at the base. There is a smaller growth on some of the slopes and Xmas trees sufficient to keep the memory of Santa Claus green for another century at least. The lark and the linnet make the woods vocal with their unfailing song, the pigeon and wild turkey have not yet relinquished their homestead rights and the squirrel, the deer and the fox still defy the onward and upward advance of civilization. In the more remote parts of the mountains mountain sheep have also been found, as in all the lofty mountains of the globe. They are not easy to capture and when pursued by the hunter invariably make a brave defense in their highland castles.

On the mountain sides there are groves of quaking aspen and all varieties of ferns. The whole mountain top is carpeted with blue grass and the altitude seems to preclude the possibility of snakes or poisonous insects. Wild flowers grow in magnificent profusion everywhere, but attain their greatest luxuriance on the side hills and in the half exposed valleys, where they imbibe the showers and the sunshine.

There are primroses, buttercups, verbenas, lilies, daises with stems as long as your arm, and dozens of other genius of plant life, not in patches, but vast fields of them. It is estimated that the Sacramento region contains as many as fifty varieties of wild flowers, some growing upon lofty peaks as far as the eye can see, while others hide their gentle faces in deep gorges where the sunlight never falls.

From Scenic Point, a short distance from Cloudcroft, a fine view is obtained of the white sands which cover an area 25 miles wide and 40 miles long. This plain of white sand is a great body of glaring and granulated gypsum, white as snow and looking in the distance, for all the world like the surf of the sea. It is not flinty, like ordinary sand, and has no known commercial value, but there it lies in its white bed, a ghostly manifestation of the curious and prodigal waste of nature.

From the Sacramento mountains to El Paso, Texas, there are many interesting sights especially to the new arrival. Mexican huts and adobes are scattered all along the route and instead of farms you will find ranches, thousands of acres in extent.

El Paso is the principal city and has a population of 20,000. It is the principal gateway through which all the public business of Mexico and the United States is transacted. During the winter the population is increased fully 5,000 by health seekers, who find it a genial and beneficial climate, void of cloudy days and chilling changes.

Across the Rio Grande from El Paso is the Mexican city of Juarez, a quaint and interesting place, showing the civilization and form of government in marked contrast to that on the American side. The ancient Guadalupe cathedral 350 years old, is the Mecca of all tourists and near it may be seen the amphitheatre in which the bull fights are periodically held. A visit to Juarez discloses the habits of the Mexican people, their business customs, religious services and general mode of living. Here we find that the ox still treads out the corn, or it is broken in a mortar with a stone pestle. Here the sombrero abounds. Here the potters mould their clay into rude images. Here the senorita fashions those wonderful creations in drawn work. In spinning and weaving, the Mexican women still roll out rovings of wool and cotton upon their knees, spin them with a distaff and weave them without any loom, one end of the web being tied around the waist, the other fastened to a stick in the crotch of a tree. In farming the older Mexicans still cling to the wooden plow, but the younger generation are adopting the more modern implements.

Twelve miles from Juarez is the town of Yaleta, said to have been in the possession of Coronado in 1540. It is said that this town is more than five hundred years old and was founded by the Tihua tribe of Pueblos. A trip to Yaleta is of interest, if only to see the old church, which the records show to have been erected in 1592. The church at Yaleta is an adobe structure, with walls four feet thick. Improvements have been made from time to time, but much of the original building and many of the interior decorations remain as they were with an environment dating back to the time when Coronado was hot on the trail of lost cities and Columbus was making discoveries.

Death of Mrs. Catherine M. Oviatt.

Mrs. Catherine Maria Oviatt died at her home in Keating township on Friday, December 19, 1902, aged 76 years, 5 months and 11 days.

Catherine Maria, daughter of Stephen and Elizabeth Stickles, late of Keating township, was born in Claverack, Columbia county, N. Y., on July 8, 1826. She moved with her parents to Waterloo, Seneca county, N. Y., in 1836, then to Yates county, N. Y., in 1839 and in 1841 moved to Keating township, reaching their destination on Christmas day.

In 1846 she was united in marriage to Joseph [illegible] Oviatt of Smethport. To them were born 11 children, six boys and five girls, ten of whom survive, namely: George L., John B., Mrs. Mary E. Vere, Albert, Mrs. Eden B. Hyde, Walter L., Chordis C., Mrs. Ida B. Pickeragill, Misses Carrie A. and Sarah B., all living in Smethport and vicinity. Frank, the eldest, was drowned while in bathing at the age of 12 years. All the daughters and three of the sons were present when their mother passed away.

On October 23, 1865, her husband, J. B. Oviatt, died leaving her with these 10 children, Sarah a baby.

Mrs. Oviatt remained on the farm in Keating township, keeping her family together and furnishing a home for all of them while they were unmarried. With her family she worked hard and enjoyed good health without exception until about 1891, when she had a severe attack of pneumonia from which she never fully recovered. On the 16th day of January, 1902, she fell and broke her wrist. This with her other ailments was followed by pneumonia until her condition was considered hopeless, but when spring came she improved so much that she made visits to her friends and got about considerably until a few days before she died, when blood veins began to break which, perhaps, caused her death.

About a year ago Mrs. Oviatt came to live with her son, Chordis, near East Smethport where she remained ever since, her daughter, Carrie, being with her all the time and her other daughters at times.

Mrs. Oviatt was a sister of Miller C., Hiram S. and George A. Stickles, deceased, of Keating township, Pa., and Jacob and Lydia (Butterfield) Stickles of Wisconsin.

Funeral services were held on Sunday last by prayer at the house at 1 p. m. and a sermon at the East Smethport Union church at 2 p. m. delivered by Rev. P. S. Calvin, taking the text: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

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McKean County Chapter, D. A. R.

At a meeting of the McKean County Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held at the home of Mrs. T. A. Morrison, Tuesday, Dec. 16, the following officers were installed: Mrs. T. A. Morrison, regent; Mrs. John Forrest, vice regent; Mrs. Samuel E. Bell, secretary; Miss Helen Forrest, treasurer; Mrs. H. C. Wells, registrar; Mrs. H. L. McCoy, historian.

Mrs. Fred A. McCoy read an interesting and carefully prepared paper on the "Boston Tea Party," the date of the meeting being an anniversary of that historical occurrence. The ladies then held a pleasant talk in regard to the future proceedings of the chapter, after which their hostess, Mrs. Morrison, served tea and refreshments appropriate to the occasion. The meeting was interesting and socially enjoyable and the members are looking forward to the next one which will be held at the home of Mrs. D. C. Young.

Small Attendance at Band Dance.

The dance given by the Smethport band Friday evening was an enjoyable affair in spite of the scarcity of men. The band furnished music and the Petersons had the refreshments in charge, both of which were highly appreciated.

The proceeds of the dance were very light and but for the generosity of concerns, who donated the amount of their bills incurred in giving the dance, the net receipts would have been much smaller.

The band was somewhat surprised at the lack of patronage, but will endeavor to keep the wolf from the door until the new opera house is completed. The band will give the first dance in that building.

The most complete stock of books ever in this town for holiday trade at McCoy's Drug Store.

JUDGE MORRISON CHOSEN.

It is Asserted That He Will Succeed Judge Mitchell, Retired.

COMMISSION EXPECTED THIS WEEK

There Were Numerous Applications But the Popular Judge Seems to be the Lucky One

A Harrisburg dispatch of Dec. 21 says: The information was made public last evening that Hon. T. A. Morrison, President Judge of the McKean district, has been selected by Gov. Stone to succeed Judge John I. Mitchell of the Superior Court and fill the vacancy caused by that jurist's retirement under the law known as the "Judges' Retirement Act," passed at the last session of the State Legislature. It is asserted that within a few days the formal announcement of Judge Morrison's appointment will be made. The impression has prevailed that the appointment would go to Allegheny county, but this seems to have been premature. Numerous aspirants have been working assiduously to obtain the position and strong influence has been used in their behalf, but the impression prevails on Capitol Hill that Judge Morrison's elevation to the place is assured.

"Bobby" Byrne on the Warpath.

Robert Byrne had a noisy jag Saturday night and as a consequence raised a disturbance near Sturdevant's restaurant. Garth Rumsey tried to check "Bobby's" exuberance, but was unsuccessful and so placed him under arrest and started with him for the lock-up. Byrne has an excellent pair of lungs and a command of vile language calculated to shock the hearing of any person with the slightest grain of decency in their make-up. He exercised both to their fullest extent during the trip up Main street and made sundry threats against the life of the officer who had him in charge. In spite of his howling and resistance Garth landed him in the lock-up, although he was several times compelled to use his club.

Byrne boasted of the fact of having killed one man and being willing to kill another, meaning the officer who arrested him. But in spite of these threats, punctuated with the most obscene epithets within the scope of a degenerate's imagination, Byrne was released Sunday morning on the payment of a paltry fine of $3.50, the usual assessment for a "plain drunk." One gentleman who saw and heard the fracas said, Saturday night, that the man would be lucky if he got off with a sentence of 60 days. The borough authorities are entirely too lenient in dealing with rowdies of the Byrne stripe and until they attain the backbone to inflict punishment commensurate with the offense this most undesirable element will retain their present prominence in our midst.

Henry Hamlin In It.

Under the above caption a dispatch from New Orleans to the Bradford Era, dated Dec. 19, says:

Frank H. Goodyear, the Buffalo railroad magnate and principal stockholder in the great Southern Lumber Company, heads a party of wealthy Eastern capitalists who have invaded Mississippi and Louisiana with some heavy investments in pine timber lands. Their holdings are in the Pearl river bottoms. The party arrived here yesterday in Mr. Goodyear's private car and comprises the following persons: Jerry Crary, Warren, Pa., capitalist and president of the United States Leather Company; James Horton, Middletown, N. Y., capitalist and former president of the United States Leather Company; Henry Hamlin, Smethport, Pa., president of the First National Bank; C. Peter Clark, Boston, general superintendent of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company; F. M. Peck, Scranton, Pa., president of the United States Lumber Company and Chas. I. James, Baltimore, general manager of the Phillips-Dodge Lumber Company.

Special Holiday Reduction.
Cabinet photos only $3.00 per dozen, this month only. No extra charge for groups. Come in the morning for sittings if possible.
Schwab & Sherman,
59 Main St. Bradford, Pa.

At L. K. Hogarth's drugstore you will find articles for your Sunday School Class on their 5 and 10¢ counter. Bargains marked down from 50, 35, and 25 cents.

We have a large stock of books and novels which will make very appropriate Christmas gifts for anyone. Call and see them. Gaskin & Grant.

I have a most complete stock of trunks suit cases and hand bags. Call and inspect the newest styles.
Charles Lemmler.

Go to Gaskin & Grant's news stand for holiday candies and fruits. They have a fine line.

For a Carving Set come to us. We have the assortment to select from.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

The Democrat's Show-Up (?)

The editor of the Democrat makes a feeble attempt to show-up Thos. H. Ryan by propounding four questions to the MINER. Our down town contemporary does not possess the courage to openly make these charges, but puts them in the form of questions so that the responsibility may be taken from his shoulders.

Before answering these questions we have talked with several prominent taxpayers of Smethport and vicinity and none of them appeared to be dissatisfied with the way the poor funds have been handled by Mr. Ryan, therefore we feel justified in answering these questions as we do.

Here are the questions and answers:

> Is it not a fact that you were an eye witness of the daily visits of the poor farm milk wagon to a private residence adjoining your office a long time previous to the late Republican primaries? Superintendent Ryan said the visits of the milk wagon to that residence was for the purpose of delivering "buttermilk." Because the writer could not be convinced of Mr. Ryan's claim that gentleman put himself out of his way to visit the Democrat office for the purpose of denouncing the editor as a [illegible] lying scoundrel. Certain of the sycophant press of the county undertook to lay the Democrat out because it exposed this questionable business. Does not the MINER know that our charges were based on truth and not fabrication?

We were aware that the poor farm wagon did stop at aforesaid residence occasionally [illegible] house, but we are not aware that it stopped daily. Possibly that is because we had other business than prying into that which was none of ours.

> Does not the editor of the MINER know, from common report that has been rife in Smethport for a number of years past, that the farming on the poor farm has been done in a most extravagant and wasteful manner—it costing more to harvest the crops on the poor farm than any other farm in proportion to its size in McKean county?

No. The above paragraph is the nearest to a charge of that kind we have ever heard.

> Has not the editor of the MINER heard, during a number of years past, a tremendous amount of kicking from the taxpayers in this section of the county against Superintendent Ryan's [illegible] family which has been quartered at the poor farm?

To truthfully answer this question just as it is put we would have to say no. However, to be more explicit we will say we have heard some complaint from that set of chronic kickers which every community is infested, but not a word from the heavy taxpayers. True, Mr. Ryan has a large family but most of his children are in business or working at their professions and are not burdens on the county except when they make a short visit to their parents. What taxpayer is narrow-minded enough to kick about this?

> Has not the editor of the MINER heard a very general complaint against the present Superintendent's management of the county poor farm?

Never. Not even an individual complaint except by the editor of the Democrat and not by him until Mr. Ryan and he became enemies last spring. Previous to that time the Democrat said many complimentary things about Mr. Ryan, his family and the manner in which they conducted the County Home.

If Mr. Ryan has mismanaged the County Home and has been guilty of extravagance for a number of years, as the editor of the Democrat intimates, why has he held it from the public until he had a personal quarrel with Mr. Ryan? Mr. Lindsley's argument would have had more weight with the people before the motive of revenge became so apparent. Is it not purely revenge which prompted the editor of the Democrat to attack Mr. Ryan?

We have answered the Democrat's questions and now it is up to the Democrat to answer the above two.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport for the week ending Dec. 20, 1902.

Mrs. Timothy Dahil, F. W. Devey, Mr. Ray Frisbee, C. H. Kendall, A. W. Leonard, Mr. Jas. Morrison, Miss Maggie Morison, Mrs. Preston, Mr. Goseph Petterson, Miss Bertha Warning. Foreign, Miss Tilly Johnson (2).

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. Gallup,
Postmaster.

Special Holiday Reduction.
Cabinet photos only $3.00 per dozen, this month only. No extra charge for groups. Come in the morning for sittings if possible.
Schwab & Sherman,
59 Main St. Bradford, Pa.

My trunks, suit cases, hand bags, blankets and robes, as well as all other goods, are sold on honor at very reasonable prices. See them before buying.
Charles Lemmler.

Have you had those Storm Sash for your house made yet? Better see to it at once. They save gas.
Holmes & Gilfill

SORROWS OF SANTA

I CHANCED to go to Santa Claus' home one day,
And these are the words I heard him say:

"Ah, me, the times, the manners, the men!
It used to be all so different when

"I was a young man in the long ago
And sped with my reindeer over the snow.

"Then every home in every land
Gave unto me always a welcome hand.

"And chimneys then in the days gone by
Were not oversmall and not overhigh.

"And the stockings they used were the old fashioned kind,
All hung in a row and so easy to find.

"Then the gifts were so simple and all in good taste,
From the gingerbread man to the doll made of paste.

"But now it's so different. Heigho, hear me sigh!
I mourn for the days in the Land of Goneby.

"For now I'm kept busy from early till late
In my earnest endeavors to be up to date.

"I've trimmed my old beard in the new Vandyke style,
And instead of a laugh I've a simpering smile.

"I'VE CEASED TO WEAR ALL MY OLD [illegible]"

"Yes, [illegible] were [illegible]
A [illegible] shoes with [illegible]

"And [illegible] has [illegible]
With [illegible] presents are [illegible] away.

"[illegible] I ride nowadays on a [illegible] swift
And I'm puzzled to know what to bring for a gift.

"To the [illegible] the [illegible] for the [illegible]
They've no use at all for my old fashioned toys.

"And the houses have changed. In those things called a flat
I'm kept busy guessing just where I am at.

"Excuse me now, please, if I speak very low.
I've come to my last and my cruelest blow.

"'Tis the worst, though what I have told [illegible] bad:
My wife has acquired the new woman fad!"

And those were the words I heard him say
When I dropped in Santa Claus' home one day.

—Detroit News-Tribune.

AN ODD BELGIAN CUSTOM.

A Picturesque Procession on Christmas Eve.

In some old Belgian towns a beautiful [illegible] may be seen on Christmas eve. Amid the sound of drum, [illegible] and a whole orchestra of [illegible] with the chanting of carols, a long gayly decked procession marches through the principal streets—children of all ages, each division dressed in [illegible] color—white, blue, pink or yellow—and all bearing some badge or emblem or grasping some bright ribbon attached to shrine or crucifix. The effect of grouping and color is very artistic. Here and there in the throng older, stronger hands bear aloft precious relics, upon which the spectators reverently gaze. Many novel features come into view as the procession passes along, but the prettiest sight is the train of beautiful children in fantastic dress marching over the flower strewn pavement, each small person gravely absorbed in the special part it performs.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

CANDLESTICKS AS GIFTS.

Antique Treasures Which May Be Found In Junkshops.

Candlesticks are decorative, utilitarian and thoroughly good form. What, then, could be more acceptable for Christmas gifts?

A pair of highly polished brass candlesticks give an air of distinction to even the humblest surroundings. Their polish reflects the thrift of the housekeeper, and their presence denotes her good taste.

The genuine antique candlesticks, with their quaint, simple outlines, are preferable to the more modern affairs that are apt to be a trifle too ornate for really good effect. The candlesticks may often be bought in junkshops for their gross weight, and many beautiful specimens have been picked up in this way by the clever and industrious collector.—New York Journal.

Scales the Heights.

Miss Nuritch—Yes, indeed, he was real attentive to me, and he's a nobleman too.

Miss Ascum—May Outwit met him, too, and she declares he's an actor.

Miss Nuritch—Not at all. He assured me he was a lord admiral of the Swiss navy.—Philadelphia Record.

HER CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

TIME—Evening, Dec. 26.

Place—Boarding house bedroom.

Actors—Nellie Cox, artist; May Lowell, stenographer.

Nellie—Thus are my sins visited upon me. Did you ever see such an ugly, inartistic collar as this orange thing with the red freckles?

May—No; unless it is the purple tie in your other hand. But the blue and the yellow collars are both pretty.

Nellie—Neither harmonizes with my blue shirt waist and my complexion.

May—How did you happen to receive so many collars? Did you ask for them?

Nellie—Ask for them? Hardly. I never wear anything except linen collars. As I said, however, it is my own fault. Last year my aunt sent me an expensive but hideous collar which I immediately donated to a church rummage sale.

May—Then write your aunt that it was just what you wanted.

Nellie—My conscience would not allow me to do that. I filled up four pages, however, on the one redeeming feature of that collar. I spoke of the texture of the silk and dwelt on its wonderful richness.

May—I should have thought your aunt would have seen through that.

"SHE OUGHT TO SEE YOU NOW."

When a girl goes into raptures over some detail of a gown I know she does not like the thing as a whole.

Nellie—My aunt's education has been neglected, for she doesn't know that. Let me read you her letter:

My Dear Child—There was so much pathos in your note of thanks last year I could see how you loved and longed for the beautiful, and I know that I am not making a mistake in sending you one more pretty thing to go with you all through the year. I have told your acquaintances how you enjoyed the collar I gave you last Christmas, and they are going to send you some. We have hired a poor seamstress to make them, so I have added pleasure to my own life in holding out a helping hand to two dependent women.

May—She must have a sense of humor if she calls you dependent. She ought to see you now.

Nellie—I'll have to waste 16 cents postage in writing letters of thanks, and I have already paid 20 cents extra for postage on the packages. I could have treated myself to a good magazine or a box of chocolates for that amount.

May—Last year I learned that an [illegible] was going to give me a year's subscription to a journal which devotes its pages to telling girls how to treat their employers and how to dress on $50 a year. I get all that kind of thing I wish without reading about it, so I took pains to criticise the paper before her and at the same time displayed my worn gloves—

Nellie—And she gave you a pair of gloves? Lucky girl!

May—I thought she would, but she sent me a housekeeping magazine and wrote telling me that I ought to learn to cook, as if a business girl has half a chance. She said that I might not like the magazine at first, but would become attached to it in time. I became detached.

Nellie—What, do you mean?

May—I sold it for 50 cents on the dollar, went to the theater and wrote auntie that I had derived more pleasure from her present than from any other she had ever sent me.

Nellie—Total depravity!

May—No; only good business management. I suggest that you sell your misfit presents.

Nellie—I'll do it. I know a girl who likes fussy things, especially if she thinks she is getting them cheap. I will tell her the collars are too elaborate for my plain clothes, but will just suit hers. I am certain that she will take them, so I will invite you to the theater for next Saturday.

May—Thank you, dear. After all, there is nothing like making the best of things.—Chicago News.

Good Position.

A young lady applicant for a school, says a St. Louis humorist, was asked the question, "What is your position upon whipping children?" and her reply was, "My usual position is on a chair, with the child held firmly across my knees face downward." She got the school.

To Judge a River's Breadth.

It is necessary to make use only of the eyes and the brim of a hat to measure the width of any ordinary stream or even of a good sized river, and here is the way to do it:

Select a part of the river bank where the ground runs back level and, standing at the water's edge, fix your eyes on the opposite bank. Now, move your hat down over your brow until the edge of the brim is exactly on a line with the water line on the other side. This will give you a visual angle that may be used on any level surface, and if, as has been suggested, the ground on your side of the river be flat you may "lay off" a corresponding distance on it. To do this you have only to hold your head perfectly steady, after getting the angle with your hat brim, supporting your chin with your hand, if necessary, and turn slowly around until your back is toward the river. Now, take careful note of where your hat brim cuts the level surface of the ground as you look over the latter, and from where you stand to that point will be the width of the river, a distance that may readily be measured by stepping. If you are careful in all these details, you can come within a few feet of the river's width.—Detroit Free Press.

A Vacuum Pressure Experiment.

Chemical science has taught us how to overcome the dreaded diseases that have swept away whole cities in the past. It has taught us the manufacture of explosives and munitions of war and has made possible the greatly improved modes of travel, and it may be truly said that to chemistry we owe the most material progress the world has made.

While this little experiment will not deal with the hidden secrets that live in the famous laboratories or treat upon the mystic powers of viscosity and relegation, it will show what power the absence of air has in attracting movable substances into the place that has been vacated by the air. Few think when they breathe the atmosphere that surrounds them that it has a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square [illegible]

[illegible]

Didn't Know His Own Child.

At [illegible] first [illegible] Bull Run [illegible] had been [illegible] the Rock bridge (Va.) battery, [illegible] standing within [illegible] and [illegible] driver [illegible]

"[illegible] to put us in again?"

This [illegible] such a source to the general of the army, especially when that general's name was Lee.

"Yes, my boy," the stately officer kindly answered. "I have to put you in again. But what is your name? Your face seems familiar somehow."

"I don't wonder you didn't know me, sir," laughed the lad. "I'm so dirty. But I'm Bob."

It was the general's youngest son, whom he had thought safe at the Virginia Military Institute. "God bless you, my son; do your duty," and the general rode on.

Spoke Too Soon.

Alexandre Dumas was one day the guest of Dr. Gistal, a leading practitioner in Marseilles. After dinner, while the coffee was being handed round, the host requested the great novelist to enrich his album with one of his witty improvisations.

"Certainly," replied Dumas, with a smile, and, drawing out a pencil, he wrote under the eyes of his entertainer the following lines:

Since Dr. Gistal came to our town
To cure diseases casual and hereditary
The hospital has been pulled down—

"You flatterer!" here exclaimed the doctor, mightily pleased; but the poet went on:

And we have made a larger cemetery.

Mrs. Hamilton's Ice Cream.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton had the first ice cream in the city of Washington. She used to tell with amusement of the delight with which President Andrew Jackson first tasted it. Guests at the next White House reception were treated to the frozen mystery, and great was the fun of the initiated when they saw the reluctance of others to taste the cold stuff. Those from the rural districts especially eyed it suspiciously, then melted each teaspoonful with the breath before swallowing it. The next time they had a chance they ate it with delight.

It Wanted His Tongue.

At an auction sale in a Scotland village the auctioneer was trying to sell a number of domestic utensils, including a porridge pot. As usual, he was making a great fuss. Finishing, his keen eye caught a well known worthy, the beadle, standing at the back of the crowd, and he shouted out:

"Maister McTavish, make me an offer for this pot. Why, it would make a splendid kirk bell."

"Aye," replied the beadle, "if your tongue was in it."

Waited Twenty Years For a Solution.

A bit of pure and harmless mischief at recitation at Yale was the device of a member of the class of '72, who introduced at recitation a turtle covered by a newspaper paster on the shell. The tutor had too much pride to come down from his perch and solve the mystery of the newspaper movement, but twenty years after, meeting a member of the class, his first and abrupt question was, "Mr. W., what made that paper move?"

Our Cooks.

"I believe," said the young physician, "that bad cooks supply us with half our patients."

"That's right," rejoined the old doctor, "and good cooks supply us with the other half."—Chicago News.

CHRISTMAS JOKES

Light Headed.

First Xmas Candle—I'm just burning to know when it's time for us to go out.

Second Ditto—Bosh! Twelve o'clock! You are not up to snuff.

Blessed are the babies on Christmas day. They can be put off with cheap candy.

The head of the family expends many dollars on presents and receives two handkerchiefs and a pair of mitts. Then is the time to be merry.

A Prohibition Pie.

Kansan—Come over and spend Christmas with me, old boy, and take dinner.

Missourian—Thanks! I'd be happy to, but—

Kansan—Oh, that'll be all right. My wife has prepared a good old fashioned mince pie, and I can guarantee the flavor.

Don't think of yourself at all, if you can help it, just now, but study your family and friends from their point of view and then plan your Christmas treat accordingly. A little thing that one wants is worth a dozen that we do not wish for.

It doesn't seem to throw cold water over Kris Kringle's good intentions when we turn the family hose on him.—Glens Falls Republican.

"I hear that Miss Roseleaf is going to leave the church. Do you know why?"

"Yes; she helped trim the chancel Christmas eve, and while she was laboriously tacking up 'Good Will to Men' Miss Lily White got the minister to propose. Roseleaf thought it was too underhand a performance, and so she's left the church."

Christmas Weather.

[illegible]

CHRISTMAS IN SERVIA.

A Santa Claus Who Receives Presents Instead of Giving Them.

In Servia Christmas is [illegible] in a somewhat peculiar way. The father of the family goes into the wood and cuts down a straight young oak, [illegible] He brings it [illegible] saying, "Good evening," and [illegible] "May God grant [illegible] riches and honor." Then they throw over him grains of corn. Presently the young tree is placed upon the coals, where it remains until Christmas morning, which they salute by repeated firings of a pistol.

The [illegible] dish in Servia is pork. The poorest family in Servia will pinch themselves all through the year so as to have money enough to buy a pig at Christmas. Skewered to a long piece of wood, the pig is turned over a blazing fire until cooked, the guests watching the process with increasing interest. After dinner stories are told and songs sung. Santa Claus, who, in the person of an honored guest, is present to receive instead of to give presents, departs after the feast, decorated with a long ring of cakes around his neck and laden with such gifts as his friends can bestow.—Baltimore American.

ON CHRISTMAS GIVING.

The Problem of Choosing Suitable Presents at Yuletide.

For melancholy proof of man's genuine incapacity we have but to turn to the belated creatures who at Christmas time write daily to the newspapers for advice. Like Emerson, they feel that a present is "due" to somebody, and, like Emerson, they are "puzzled what to give."

There is something really pathetic in a letter from a "class of boys" who want to be told what they shall give their teacher. He is thirty years old, they say, and a "remarkable mathematician." Perhaps some shadowy desire to make the punishment fit the crime prompts this last bit of information. But it is matched by schoolgirls who write: "What is a nice present for a teacher? She is a foreigner and teaches a foreign language. She is very dark and has a somewhat impatient disposition." "The Heir of Redclyffe" would seem an excellent present for this person, if only she were able to read it. But the editor is perhaps unaware of the improving character of Miss Yonge's stories. He has nothing more appropriate to suggest than a gold pen or a piece of statuary, neither of which is warranted a cure for impatience.

A married woman complains mournfully that she has to give a present to an old gentleman of eighty-two "who has everything he wants." It never occurs to her for a moment to spare him the added possession of a something he doesn't want. The utmost length her ingenuity can go is to write to a newspaper for advice. Another woman feels moved to send "some useful trifle" to a missionary, and a young man, who signs himself Jasper, has a painful emergency to face. "I know two sisters who are nearly of an age," he writes. "I wish to give them both Christmas presents. Ought I to send the same thing to each? Their tastes, I believe, are different. I know one of the young ladies much better than her sister."—Agnes Repplier in Lippincott's.

Ocular Demonstration.

Tourist—Land pretty fertile around here?

Western Farmer—Waal, yer see them telegraph poles? Waal, las' week they was only hitchin' posts!

There are over 40,000 total abstainers in the British army.

JOYS OF CHRISTMAS

Festival Should Be One of Gladness, Said the Late Dr. T. De Witt Talmage

SONGS greeted the birth of our Saviour. Angelic tongues with living fire sang the incarnation as they hovered over the hills of Judea. The music was resonant with joy. From the hour that the Virgin laid her Babe on pillow of straw in the manger all Christendom has since that time made the anniversary of this natal day a season of gladness, a season of unbounded joy.

Wreathe the laurel, twine the bay,
Christ was born on Christmas day.

There were special reasons for these heavenly songs being sung by the celestial chorus, for there was joy in God's great heart, joy among the first-born sons of light, joy thrilling all the heavenly empire, joy that is yet to be put in the new song sung by redeemed millions around the throne of "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

It was the music of liberty. When these heavenly hosts sang the "Gloria In Excelsis," the whole world was resting under galling yokes of oppression. Slavery was universal. Taskmasters were everywhere severe to those in servitude. Greece, Rome and Palestine heard daily the groans of those in bondage. The world was in chains. But the song of the angels rang the deathknell of bondage. The Babe was God's emancipation. His distinctive mission was to set at liberty the captives and proclaim deliverance to the bruised and crushed sons of toil. Under the mild and genial influence of our holy Christianity fetters fall off everywhere, until now in this morning of our new century there are few nations to be found [illegible]

[illegible]

and [illegible] the future [illegible] prison. But the songs sung by the heavenly choristers on that eventful night heralded hope to a lost world. Into the soul of sinning humanity came the sweet rays of [illegible] and peace and [illegible] into the grave, all [illegible] the sting of death, was [illegible] and enriched by a glorious Christ the Lord. They looked and behold!

On the cold cheek of death smiles and [illegible]
And beauty immortal aw[illegible] from the tomb.

And this is our Christmas joy that Jesus has lifted into immortal hope the graves of all our beloved friends who sleep in him.

It was the music of victory. When Jesus came, the great mass of humanity was in serfdom, and the dignity of labor was not comprehended. Toil was regarded as a degradation. Laborers were despised and all forms of manual industry held to be a disgrace. But the Son of Mary and Joseph came to teach the world a new philosophy, and by honorable industry he proclaimed the dignity of labor and taught that—

The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king of men for a' that.

Jesus counts the beads of sweat upon the brow of every son of toil. He notes all injustice done the laboring classes, and only as his spirit prevails among men will the great conflict between labor and capital cease. But that day is coming ere long—the glad Christmas of ages—

When man to man the wide world o'er
Shall brothers be and a' that.

—Christian Herald.

MEXICAN CUSTOMS.

Visiting and Giving Presents the Features of Yuletide.

A series of festivities beginning nine days before Christmas and ending on Christmas eve marks the Yuletide celebration in Mexico. In a circle of friends it is arranged that nine visits shall be paid to nine different houses. Each evening's gayety begins with prayer and the lighting of candles. These are followed by the presentation of a gift from each guest to the host or hostess of the evening. The first evening's gift is of small worth, but the value of the offering increases with every succeeding evening. That there may be nothing unfair in the distribution, the recipient of the first evening's offering one year becomes the last the following year. After the presentation there are dancing and supper. At midnight the candles are extinguished.

No two evenings' entertainments are exactly alike save in the offering of prayers, the lighting of candles and the presenting of gifts. On Christmas eve, a few minutes before midnight, all proceed to church to hear the midnight mass, and this ends the Christmas celebration for the year.—New York Tribune.

The First Christmas Tree.

The Christmas tree was first heard of in England about 1444. A tree was then set up in the middle of a pavement and decked with ivy as well as with other greens. From this use it was finally taken within the home, decorated with candles and eventually with anything which glistened and enhanced its brightness.

All Right Anyway.

Miss Thin—Don't you think my new dress is just exquisite?

Fannie—Oh, lovely! I think that dressmaker of yours could make a clothes prop look graceful.

Theaters in Japan are usually built of wood.

Special Sale

All our fall and winter pattern hats, untrimmed hats and winter millinery will be closed out at and below cost.

For rare bargains call and see us.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Just Received!
The Finest and most complet line of
Picture Mouldings
ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.
"IKE" GLEASON, [illegible]
Smethport, Pa.

Leonard Koenig,
located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of
PAINTING
AND
DECORATING.
UPHOLSTERING
Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.
Smethport, - - Penna.

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to F. H. Nourse.
LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn
First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
Directly Opposite Court House.
SMETHPORT, PA.

For a
FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW
Step into the
Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars and
Fine Confectioneries
Always on Hand.
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

Palmer & Dodge,
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.
March 1, 1900

Christmas Shopping in Bradford.

Saves time, worry and expense. Several Bradford shops carry as fine lines as are displayed in Buffalo. Prill is one of these. No more complete line of high class gift goods is shown anywhere in this neighborhood, the only difference being that Prill's prices are about two-thirds those of Buffalo dealers.

Christmas goods in Jewelry, Watches, Silverware, Fancy Clocks, Bric-a-Brac and all the lines that go to make up a first-class jewelry house stock are to be found. It is the most complete stock and the most attractive store in Bradford.

DIAMONDS. An Unique Offer.

All diamonds sold here are guaranteed to be exacted as represented. The prices are all marked in plain figures. If after purchase the buyer is dissatisfied (for any cause) the full purchase price will be refunded upon return of the stone.

Prill,

ART JEWELER

Bradford, Pa.

7 Main Street.

SILVERWARE,
NICKEL WARE,
FRENCH & AUSTRIAN CHINA,
ENGLISH PORCELAIN,
BRIC-A-BRAC,
GLASSWARE,
JAPANESE PIECES.
Useful as well as beautiful

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 25, 1902.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Merry Christmas.

—Skates and sleds is the subject of an interesting ad of Holmes & Gilfillan this week.

—Mrs. M. J. Norris, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia for some time, is much improved.

—Small pox has been quite prevalent in Pennsylvania this fall. Cases have been reported to the state board from 87 different localities.

—Ridgway will soon be divided into wards. If Smethport keeps up its rapid growth it will not be long before a similar division will have to be made of this borough.

—A Buffalo woman announces that she is one of ten women in that city who dress as men. Dr. Mary Walker's propoganda is making more progress than we had supposed.

—A letter received at this office on Monday evening from Assuan, Egypt, brought the news that Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Van Wormer of Ceres had arrived there on Nov. 26 and were well.—Bolivar Breeze.

—The Baltimore American calls attention to a most remarkable incident which happened in this state recently. It says that a hunter out with a friend saw two deer and fired at them. He not only missed the friend, but killed both deer.

—St. Louis women whist players have an innovation in the way of progressive whist. A recent whist party covered a distance of 40 miles, the progressions being made via trolley cars. Here is a hint for Smethport whisters, who desire something new.

—The Allies—Of course we will scamper back home as long as you suggest it, but what can we tell the people when they see us coming back so soon? Dewey—Oh, just tell them that you saw me and they will know the rest.—Buffalo Express.

—Mandus Sutts is a champion in the management of a hunting dog. During the hunting season recently closed Mr. Sutts shot sixty one birds over a "green pup," not eleven months old. This is a record that a professional dog trainer might well be proud of.

—The members of St. Luke's Sunday school did not forget the divine injunction, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Before getting the fruit from the Christmas tree for themselves they sent out to those who were less fortunate over 200 articles to help brighten the lives of the aged and infirm and to give Christmas cheer to the little ones.

—A Newark woman brought out a last winter's hat and essayed to pass it off as a new creation. Everything went well till, in a crowded street car, a family of live mice was discovered in the hat. The moral is, not that last winter's hats must not be utilized but—they should be shaken and dusted before worn.

—A new flim-flam game that our merchants should keep an eye out for is being worked with a marked five dollar bill. One man passes it; another comes along and passes a one dollar bill, claims change for five dollars and proves his right to it by telling the marks on the bill passed by the first man, says an exchange.

—The Bradford Era says: James B. McGeorge of New York, an official of the B., B. & K., is in the city in the interests of the narrow gauge division. Improvements and additions to the rolling stock of the company are contemplated and before the expiration of 1903 the line will probably be supplied with several new locomotives of modern pattern.

—Arthur W. Buchanan, the oldest and one of the most respected residents of this county died at 9 o'clock last night at his home, the Buchanan farm, below East Bradford, with pneumonia, aged 83 years. Mr. Buchanan had been in feeble health for a few years and added to this his advanced age had enfeebled his system so that he could not withstand the disease which attacked him.—Saturday's Bradford Record.

—Miss Christine Rose protests against the Reporter's article last week, advising death to all dogs. She claims her dog saved the life of at least one of the family a day or two ago. At the Rose residence a young lady sleeps alone down stairs. Escaping gas awoke the dog and though partly overpowered by the fumes of gas she was awakened by the efforts of the dog and thus her life was saved. The Reporter withdraws its advice so far as Miss Rose's dog is concerned.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Why Suffer With Your Kidneys?

The discovery of Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Kidney Tablets has proved a blessing to thousands of kidney sufferers who have been restored to perfect health. These tablets drive the kidney disease germs out of the blood and prevent accumulation of uric acid in the system. We urge all sufferers to give this successful and scientific kidney remedy a trial. They come in two sizes, 25 and 50 cents. Come and get a trial treatment free at J. W. Voorhees.

Cure Your Catarrh Now.

V. Van Dorn, 2011 Avenue B, Birmingham, Ala., writes: "I have had catarrh in one of the worst forms for 20 years, and after using Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Inhaler for two days feel entirely relieved and believe by its continued use I will get cured." Sold at 50 cents on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

Use the Redfield mantle.

Her Latest Break.

"My six-year-old girl is an awful chatterbox," said a broker, "and the worst of it is that when we have guests at the house she is continually making breaks of the worst sort—breaks that tend to rattle the dry bones of the family skeleton in the closet. Recently when we had company at dinner she allowed her tongue to run away with her, as usual, the result of which was that she very much embarrassed both her father and mother, although the guests, I am free to say, seemed delighted. I had a very serious talk with her and impressed upon her, or tried to, that she must not tell any family secret. The next time we had company she was permitted to come to the table only by promising that she wouldn't utter a word. She behaved beautifully and had nothing to say until the dessert was about to be taken away. Then her lips began to quiver, and finally she burst into tears. 'Why, what's the matter, darling?' her mother asked. 'I—I want some more ice cream, if that isn't a family secret?' she wailed between sobs."—Philadelphia Record.

Nutritious Value of Oysters.

The popular belief that the oyster is a most nutritious article of diet does not rest upon any scientific basis. The oyster as a food could not satisfy the demands of the human body. While the oyster, when not stewed, is very palatable, wholesome and easily assimilated by weak, impaired stomachs, it cannot be contended for a moment that it contains such elements and nutrition as may be found in beans, rice or potatoes. There is very little, if any, fatmaking or muscle building material in the oyster. Its composition is largely nitrogenous, and, being rich in phosphates, it is generally regarded as an excellent food for the brain, but a man reduced to an exclusive diet of oysters would soon find himself deficient in adipose tissue and in those elements that go to make up physical force and vitality in the human body.

Rossini's Memory.

The composer of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" was blessed with a not very retentive memory, especially for names of persons introduced to him, a forgetfulness which was frequently the cause of much merriment whenever Rossini was among company. One day he met Bishop, the English composer. Rossini knew the face well enough and at once greeted him. "Ah, my dear Mr. ——," but he could progress no further. To convince him that he had not forgotten him Rossini commenced whistling Bishop's glee "When the Wind Blows," a compliment which "the English Mozart" recognized and would as readily have heard as his less musical surname.

Optical Illusion.

A firm which was sued in an English court for the price of a sign defended the case on the ground that the "o" in their name was smaller than the other letters. It was proved by measurement, however, that it was a sixteenth of an inch larger, allowance having been made for the fact that, owing to an optical illusion, the letter "o" always looks smaller than the neighboring letters. Judgment was given for the signmakers.

The Men With Ideas.

Ideas rule the world today, and a new idea leads the world to progress; hence the man with ideas is the real sovereign and leader of the people.—Maxwell's Talisman.

His Oversight.

He—Why didn't you answer my letter asking you to marry me?

She—You didn't inclose a stamp.—Town and Country.

CLERKS!

Employers don't repose confidence in spendthrift employees—Save your money and become independent—an employer instead of an employee. You can bank by mail. Write us about it.

Established 1862. $12,000,000 Deposits. 30,000 Depositors. 4 per cent. Interest.

Mention this paper when writing, and we'll mail you a valuable booklet on Money Saving.

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS

Smithfield St. & Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

BAD BREATH

"I have been using CASCARETS and as a mild and effective laxative they are simply wonderful. My daughter and I were bothered with sick stomach and our breath was very bad. After taking a few doses of Cascarets we have improved wonderfully. They are a great help in the family."
WILHELMINA NAGEL,
1137 Rittenhouse St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CANDY CATHARTIC.

Cascarets

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.

CURE CONSTIPATION.

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 315

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

Gaskin & Grant.

NEWS STAND.

Cigars, Tobacco,
Nuts & Candies
Fruits and Vegetables
in season.

We have in stock an elegant line of Stationery. Call and see it.

Our Scrawny People

Not all thin people are in actual ill health, but undue thinness means danger, and "scrawny" thinness means the result of wasting, when wrinkles and loss of strength as well as loss of weight show that *something* is wrong.

This something may be worry, extra work, care of the sick, nervous derangement, dyspepsia, bowel troubles, or the first sign of the onset of serious disease like consumption or kidney trouble.

How often we hear: "She'd be a pretty woman if she wasn't so horribly thin!" It's too bad, for most of these thin women are sick.

The best thing we have found for thin people, whatever the cause of the thinness, is Vinol. It seems to nourish at once, and also to start an appetite for good food. It was a great discovery to combine the medicinal properties of cod liver oil with organic iron in such a powerful and yet pleasant-tasting preparation, and we'll be glad to tell you how we got hold of it, if you'll call at the store. Anyhow, if you are thin, and want more flesh and strength, try a bottle of Vinol. If you aren't pleased, we pay the money back.

Remember fat doesn't create fat; so you don't need the greasy kind of cod liver oil to increase weight. Vinol is better and tastes delicious.

J. W. VOORHEES,

DRUGGIST.

THE FAMOUS.

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

No Man

can afford to buy an Overcoat or a Suit without first looking through our splendid stock. When you buy a suit or overcoat here you pay an honest price for quality and workmanship.

$10 and $12.

will buy either Suit or Overcoat that has the same style and smart appearance and is

As Good

as the more expensive kind of other stores. Constantly bear in mind you get here

Your Money's Worth or
Your Money Back.

Wm. Monheimer.

Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Eureka Harness Oil. It resists the damp, keeps the leather soft and pliable. Stitches do not break. No rough surface to chafe and cut. The harness not only keeps looking like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Eureka Harness Oil.

EUREKA HARNESS OIL

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes. Made by Standard Oil Company

THE CLARION

State Normal School

Provides Special Training for Teachers.
Prepares Young People for College.
Offers Excellent Facilities for General Education.

FREE TUITION.

Living Expenses Very Low.

Winter term begins Tuesday, Dec. 30.

For further particulars call on or address

DR. SAMUEL WEIR, Principal
Clarion, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

HOLIDAY GIFTS!

I am not going to say very much about my line of Christmas and New Year Gifts simply because the stock shows for itself.

My Stock

is larger than ever before and was purchased by personal selection so that I give my personal guarantee that every article is just what it is represented by my salesmen. There is not a cheap, trashy thing in my store. Every article is of the best make and worth the full price asked.

J. W. Voorhees,

Palace Pharmacy Smethport, Pa.

Your Christmas and New Year

will not be complete unless you have a bottle of good wine or liquor to go with your Christmas and New Year feast.

In my stock you will find the best brands of wines, whiskies and brandies in the country. Look over the following list and take a few bottles home with you.

WHISKIES	WINES
Hunter	White Seal
Wilson	White Top
Guckenheimer	Great Western
Tom Moore	Imported Port
Seymour Club	Imported Sherry
Rose Club	Tokay
Private Stock	Catawba
Meadville Rye	Rhine
Gibson	St. Julian
and 15 others.	and many others.

Cognac Brandies, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Jamaica Rum and nearly every popular brand of wine or liquor to be found in the country at very reasonable prices. Call and look over my stock.

Mail orders given prompt attention and delivered in plain boxes if desired.

A. J. Warshofsky,

Reilly Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right

We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,

Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

New Store, New Goods, New Prices, New Proprietors.

We are now prepared to do business in an up-to-date way.

Goods promptly delivered in any part of the borough, or at any reasonable distance in the country. Farm produce taken in exchange for groceries at market price.

All goods and prices guaranteed. We do not propose to be undersold. Yours to please,

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms: $[illegible] per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $[illegible] per year.

ADVERTISING RATES

Display advertisements published at the rate of $[illegible] per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $1.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 25, 1902

THE House has passed the Hepburn pure food bill, which is a just and sensible measure, not to conflict with any of the various State laws. It simply provides that all adulterated food and drugs shall be placed on the market under their true name and in such manner as to advise the purchaser of what he is getting.

AT last Editor Lindsley of the Democrat has given the public his reason for opposing Thos. H. Ryan for reappointment to superintendent of the County Home. Mr. Lindsley says in his last issue that Mr. Ryan called at his office and denounced him as a "—— —— lying scoundrel." Now, dear readers, you are in full possession of the reason why the editor of the Democrat is making such a fight against Mr. Ryan.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22, 1902.

There is a rapidly growing conviction in Washington that the Venezuelan episode when passed will have added another laurel to the reputation of Secretary Hay as a diplomat and that the course of straightforward diplomacy, as exemplified by President Roosevelt's exposition of the Monroe Doctrine in his first message to Congress, will have scored another victory. The statement that "The Powers concerned, (Great Britain and Germany) will deal solely with the United States in the matter of arbitration," is regarded as the greatest recognition the Monroe Doctrine has ever received. The acceptance by the Allies of the arbitration proposals forwarded by Secretary Hay, although accompanied by some conditions which complicate the situation, is regarded as foreshadowing the peaceful conclusion of the present difficulty and the administration has turned its attention to facilitating that end. While it is obviously impossible for the United States to guarantee the payment of such indemnity and damages as may be allowed by the arbitrators, the Government will make it clear to such American financiers as may become interested in the situation, that it will use its power to protect them in any loan they may make to Venezuela.

Secretary Hay, Ambassador Herbert and Senator Depew, the latter representing the Seligmans, have already had one conference with a view to determining what can be done to enable Venezuela to meet her obligations and it is believed that eventually a satisfactory settlement will be the outcome of the interest displayed by the American bankers. Representative Hitt, chairman of the committee on Foreign Affairs, said to-day: "Both parties in the House believe that the administration has handled the Venezuelan affair with great good judgment and the resolution passed by the House asking for information should not be construed as arguing a want of confidence. The Monroe Doctrine has been strengthened in three ways. The Powers by refraining from landing troops on South American soil have shown a respect for the Doctrine which will constitute a precedent, the jealousy with which the American people regard the Doctrine has been demonstrated and South American countries have again been taught the lesson that they cannot repudiate their just debts and hope to get behind the Monroe Doctrine for protection.

Taking the Venezuelan situation as a text, Secretary ~~Moody~~ delivered a powerful argument before the House Committee on Naval Affairs recently. He cited the President's statement that "Our Navy must be a match for any," and proceeded to demonstrate the necessity for six new ships to be authorized by Congress this year. The President is earnestly backing up the wishes of his Secretary of the Navy. He has said "I am in favor of building warships every year until the United States Navy shall be as strong as any in the world." Every influence which is at the command of the Administration will be brought to bear on Congress to secure liberal treatment of the Navy but there is evident a disinclination on the part of the Naval Committee to commit the country to a policy which it fears will entail heavy taxation.

Certain naval officers are advancing the theory that Germany, in so vigorously prosecuting her claims against Venezuela, was actuated by a desire to secure a naval base on this continent. Such a theory, while apparently plausible, is not supported by the facts, the German Ambassador having on two occasions, one as recently as December 11, protested in writing to Secretary Hay that his country had no intention of acquiring or even occupying American territory. He further asserts that he has been instucted to make his statement by his Sovereign. Under the circumstances there is little ground for the claims set forth in Naval circles and if the Administration traces their authors there may follow a severe reprimand.

The House of Representatives has demonstrated its good faith on the trust question by passing an appropriation bill which provides that $500,000 shall be placed at the disposal of the Attorney General for the prosecution of trusts under the existing law. Although passed as an amendment to the Legislative bill, this is in accordance with the provisions of Representative Hepburn's measure. It is believed by many that when this bill is passed by the Senate it will constitute all the anti-trust legislation enacted by the present Congress. The supporters of this policy claim that, owing to a lack of financial resources, it has never been possible for the Attorney General to properly enforce the Sherman law but that he will now be able to do so and that it would be injudicious to enact new legislation or amend the present law until it has been thoroughly tested in the courts and its efficiency or the reverse demonstrated by legal decisions.

Reversing his intentions as previously announced, Senator Hoar has given notice to the Senate that he will introduce an anti-trust bill at this session. When seen on the subject, however, it was evident that the Senator's intentions were not well defined, and that what his bill would be and even whether it would be framed at all, would depend entirely on the decision of the Attorney General. If Mr. Knox decides that with the new appropriation he can better test the Sherman law and withdraws the recommendations made in his Pittsburg speech for the present, the measure of the venerable Senator from Massachusetts will not probably materialize this session.

The Cuban treaty is now in the hands of the Senate and will receive prompt consideration after the holidays. It grants to Cuba a concession of 25 per cent. from the Dingley rates and secures for the products of the United States concessions varying from 20 to 40 per cent. and averaging about 33⅓ per cent.

Pennsylvania as a Railroad Centre.

The annual report of Secretary of Internal Affairs Brown shows that the total value of all the railroads lying wholly or in part within the State is almost three and one-half billions of dollars or about one-fourth of the total in the United States. As this, however, includes all roads which have any lines in this State, it should not be considered that this represents local investment. The mileage in the State is about forty per cent. of the total, and if the investment is in the same proportion it would reach almost a billion and a half, which is a mighty big sum; but it is probable the actual value is greater than this, as construction expense is heavier in this State than in any this side of the Rocky Mountains.

As the mileage is forty per cent., it is presumable that figures given in operating would bear about the same ratio. On this basis there were enough miles traveled on the basis of one person last year to take him to the sun and back more than twenty-five times—a total of 2,500,000,000 miles. These figures are rather staggering, but nothing compared with the amount of freight carried. On the same basis there were over sixteen thousand new employes hired during the year, and net earnings of the companies increased ten per cent. and the employes have been given ten per cent. increase in their wages.

These things spell prosperity. Although 1901 was up to its time the record breaker in railroad earnings, this year the total will be much larger, in spite of the coal strike, which hampered business in many points. Pennsylvania has partaken of its share of good things and is properly thankful. And the best of it all is that the outlook for the coming year is just as bright. We can all eat Christmas dinner this year with a feeling that material blessings have been ours in unusual measure. And we trust that we have all deserved them.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Money-Back Cough Syrup.

Means a lot to people who are tired of experimenting with the "ordinary" cough preparations—you are not out a cent if Dr. George Leininger's For-malde-hyde Cough Cure does not please you. It will cure consumption and all serious and stubborn lung and throat diseases. Sold at 25c on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

Shattered Health

can be repaired. There are remedies, if not certain cures, here for every ailment under the sun. Our stock of

Drugs and Medicines

is the most complete in the city. May be necessary for the physician to decide what the medicine shall be. We can fill his

Prescriptions

by compounding accurately the purest and freshest drugs. What cannot be found in our line of Proprietary Articles cannot be considered the best. We carry all that are good.

L. K. Hogarth & Co.

Leading Druggists.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

Beginning Thursday, Dec. 18th, this store will be open every evening.

The Christmas Store.

THIS STORE WAS NEVER SO ATTRACTIVE. Every department a a store in itself—don't miss starting in at the basement and inspecting the five floors of attractiveness.

In the Basement.

Dolls, Toys, Games, &c.

On the First Floor.

Umbrellas, Linens, Domestics,
Linings, Dress Goods, Silks,
Trimmings, Shoes, Infants' Wear,
Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, Gents Neckwear,
German Silver, Cut Steel, Chatelain Bags,
Leather Goods, Bric-Brac, Clocks,
Sterling Silver, Art Goods, Pictures, Underwear, Hosiery, Ribbons,
Laces, Blankets, Comforts, Ladies Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Gloves.

On the Second Floor.

Millinery, Cloaks, Suits, Skirts, Silk Waists, Flannel Waists, Petticoats Boys' Clothing, Rugs, Carpets, Lace Curtains, Draperies, Rope Portiers Children's Dresses, Children's Coats, Ladies' Sweaters.

Third and Annex Floors.

Are now devoted entirely to Furniture, making one of the finest furniture stores in Western New York.

We most heartily invite you to inspect this big store now in its holiday attire.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House in Southwestern New York.

A Good Christmas Motto,

"See Sloan First."

Our Stock of Furniture, Carpets and Rugs is the finest we have ever shown.

Holiday purchasers will do mell to take this motto.

We will store the goods for you and deliver them on time.

J. M. SLOAN,

6 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

Holiday Goods.

Now is the time to begin to think of Christmas presents. You will find everything in the line here. Fine Leather Goods, Beautiful China, Bric-a-Brac of all kinds. All kinds of toys, sleds, etc., dolls of all descriptions. Do not fail to attend

Mary L. Bisett,

Five & Ten Cent Store.

Place Your Confidence in Us.

When there is illness in your home and the critical period approaches, you find your self wondering if the medicine is really the best that can be obtained. So much depends upon the medicine! Bring your prescriptions to us, and you can be sure that none but the highest standard drugs and chemicals will be used and that every prescription will be filled with as much carefulness and accuracy as if they were for one in our own family. We would like an opportunity to demonstrate these facts to you.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street,
Smethport.

Specht & Sasse.

Brasted's

1,500 Pounds CANDY

Received for Xmas Trade.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,

Smethport, Pa.

License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the application of M. W. Heinlein, occupation farmer, present residence Keating Township, Pa., for transfer of hotel license granted May 16th, 1902, to J. R. Shooke for the sale of vinous, spirituous, malt and brewed liquors by retail in quantities not exceeding one quart, at the "Shooke House," at the corner of Water and Fulton streets, in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pa., will be heard by the Honorable Thomas A. Morrison at his chambers in Smethport on Wednesday, December 31st, A. D. 1902, at ten o'clock a.m.

HOUTON & GALLUP,
Attorneys for Applicant.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

CHRISTMAS

Will Soon Be Here.

The usual problem confronts you—same old trouble as last year, "It's hard to find things to give men." If you find it so, a visit here will help you to decide and afford you relief. Our store is full of articles suitable for a man's Christmas. Run your eyes down this list. You will certainly strike something he would be delighted to have:

Overcoat, Smoking Jacket, Gloves,
Night Robe, Shirte, Hosiery,
Muffler, Rain Coat, Shirt Protector,
Handkerchiefs, Suit, Neckwear,
Suspenders, Bath Robe, Collars, Cuffs,
Caps, Umbrella, White Vest,
House Coat, Sweater, Etc., Etc.

When Christmas shopping we would be pleased to have you come here with your troubles and we'll fix "him" aut.

H. W. RUBIN & CO.,

THE TERHUNE UNION MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.

New Christmas Goods

—AT STORE OF—

D. C. YOUNG.

Finest assortment ever brought into town.

For children the line consists of Dolls, Doll Heads, Doll Carriages, Tables, Dressers, Chamber Sets, Carts for Boys, Automobiles, &c.

For ladies there are belts in the newest styles, silk, ice wool and wool shawls and fascinators, albums, books, toilet cases and many other articles too numerous to mention.

There are slippers for men and boys, chairs and rockers for children, and a fine line of new shoes for men, women and children, also a well assorted stock of dry goods, from which useful presents can be selected.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., Dec. 15, 1902.

STYLISH PATTERNS

FOR

FALL AND WINTER.

SUITS, OVERCOATS, TROUSERS.

Our stock of the above goods is more complete than ever before. We have the very latest styles in Cheviots, Worsteds and all popular patterns.

And as for fit and style in making we guarantee each garment to be equal to anything made in the largest cities.

Shillenn & Torrence,

The Leading Tailors

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Monarch Water Heater

is the best in the world, because it is the most durable and the greatest gas saver.

In less than a minute hot water is at hand anywhere in the house, night or day. "You turn the faucet, the Monarch does the rest." We have a large stock on hand.

Smethport Plumbing Co.,

W. S. Palmer, Manager. SMETHPORT, PA.

New Fall Hats.

All that is new in Hats for the coming season we have them. Any color, any style desired. Also a very large assortment of Boys' and Children's Hats and Caps; the latest novelties for little fellows and little girls. Our prices as usual are the lowest.

We also are showing some swell new things in neckwear.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store.

Full Line of Negligee Shirts Now Open.

Queen Quality Shoes. | F. G. Lindholm & Co | Dry Goods and Carpets.

USEFUL AND APPROPRIATE

Christmas and Holiday Gifts

AT ATTRACTIVE PRICES

The display in our various departments represents so many suitable articles that we cannot begin to enumerate them, but you cannot make a mistake in the selection for man, woman or child. Settle that troublesome gift question now while the grand selection is unbroken.

These helpful hints suggest a few gifts from among the many articles in our big stock:

Card Cases
Pocket Books
Cigar Cases
Wrist Bags
Shopping Bags
Toilet Cases
Jewel Cases
Portfolios
Dolls
Books
Rugs
Art Goods
Umbrellas
Handkerchiefs
Belts
Kid Gloves
Golf Gloves
Dress Patterns
Waist Patterns
Pillow Tops
Cloaks
Furs
Skirts
Suits
Silk Waists
Flannel Waists
Dressing Sacques
Sweaters
Fancy Stocks
Shoes
Sofa Pillows
Slippers

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Now Heat Your Home Comfortably with a Jewett Reflex Heater.

Even if gas costs 20c per thousand, it would be cheaper for you in a REFLEX than 15c gas in order makes. This is a positive fact, and REDFIELD, the HARDWARE DEALER, will prove it to you or refund your money. It beats using coal at any price.

All people have been more or less worried on the fuel subject. The JEWETT REFLEX will positively settle you worry in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a REFLEX because of its economy and HEATING POWER. Remember, your money back if you are not convinced.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 25, 1902.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Merry Christmas.

—The Christmas exercises and treat of the M. E. Sunday school will occur this (Wednesday) evening at 7:30 o'clock.

—Several sporting writers in city newspapers claim that F. A. Jones of Shingle House is the greatest outfielder in the American league.

—A dispatch to the Era from Kane says that there are 25 cases of smallpox at Russell City, a small village near that place. A rigid quarantine is enforced.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Most of the music of Christmas will be sung at the services.

—A good New Year's resolution for the Smethport borough council to make is the enforcement of the ordinance in regard to cleaning the snow and ice from sidewalks.

—"The Dying Year" is the Rev. Gaylard Patterson's subject for next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. His subject for the morning is, "A Memorial to Our Neglected Heroes."

—Thos. Barnett, burglar, Charles W. Wilson, arrested for stealing an overcoat, and Cornelius Hunt, under bail for non-payment of a board bill, were brought over from Bradford this week to await trial.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Boardman of No. 4, East Main street, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Pearl Boardman, to Mr. George W. Jude of Jamestown. The marriage will be solemnized in January.—Bradford Era.

—Orlo J. Hamlin treated the Frogs to a banquet at N. M. Harrington's restaurant last Thursday night. An appetizing spread was served and the flow of soul, etc., were long to be remembered. Judge Reynolds and Christopher Columbus Swan were the leading features of the evening.

—Henry H. Mullin, editor of the Cameron County Press, will present each widow in Emporium with a Christmas turkey. Mr. Mullin is one of the few country editors who does not have to dig early and late in order to assure himself of a turkey for Christmas. He gives them away in wholesale lots.

—Holiday shoppers have thronged Smethport stores during the week and it is probably safe to say that the merchants have had the best trade of any similar season within the history of the town. The prosperity of the country and local industries is responsible for this satisfactory condition of affairs.

—The engagement of Miss Agnes, youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy, to Harvey Malcom MacQuiston of LaJunta, Mexico, was announced at a meeting of the Picnic Club at the McCoy home Tuesday afternoon.

—The Smethport Lodge I. O. O. F. enjoyed an oyster supper in their rooms last Friday evening after the work of the lodge was over. Twelve visitors from Hazelhurst and several from Mt. Jewett and Kane witnessed the degree work. The refreshments were served by N. M. Harrington and were heartily enjoyed.

—The horse attached to Hagberg & Sherburne's delivery wagon ran away Monday morning and scattered groceries driver and parts of the wagon promiscuously about Pike street. The thills and harness were somewhat damaged. Earl Abbey, the driver, was thrown out but was not hurt. The horse escaped uninjured.

—Mrs. Ned Renwick of Cuba has issued a volume entitled, "Sunshine Stories," which originally appeared in the Buffalo News when she was in charge of the Woman's Department of that newspaper. Mrs. Renwick is quite well known in Smethport, having visited Attorney Sheridan Gorton and family, who are relatives of the gifted lady.

—In a Ridgway paper of last week mention was made of a certain "fresh" agent who insulted women in that town. Perhaps it was the same poor apology of a man that inflicted himself on Smethport last Friday. This fellow accosted women on the street and for a time made himself obnoxious at the band dance. His age and intoxicated condition saved him several well-merited thrashings during his sojourn in Smethport.

—At a meeting of the Smethport Hose company last Friday evening the following officers were elected: Cort Corwin, president; E. T. Daly, vice president; M. L. Armstrong, treasurer; W. E. McCamman, secretary; F. F. Riggall, foreman; D. M. Brasted, first assistant; N. D. Ramer, second assistant; B. L. Knapp, Frank Kerns and Peter Conley, trustees. Several new members were voted into the company and some applications for membership were received.

—John Pistner, a young engineer on the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern railroad, which runs from St. Marys to Brockwayville, met with a fatal accident while on his run on Wednesday morning. His train had just left Byrnedale, when a coupling on a car in front of the caboose broke. The unfortunate young man went back to investigate, and while attempting to make the coupling slipped and fell between the bumpers, which crushed and killed him almost instantly.—Ridgway Democrat.

You will all want fruit, nuts and candy for the holidays. Our stock is fresh and the best in the market and the prices are always the lowest. Gaskin & Grant.

FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

Two Men Killed and Three Seriously Injured Near Kane.

A runaway car loaded with lumber crashed into a double header freight at 11:20 last night just west of Kane on the P. & E. road, says the Kane Leader.

The dead are Engineer James Murphy of Kane and Engineer Chas. Diefenbaugh of Erie. The injured are W. H. Graw of 411 Park Ave., Kane, who is at Kane Summit Hospital seriously bruised about the head but not thought to be in a critical condition. Brakeman Fred Davis of Erie sustained a badly crushed right arm and is suffering from shock, but will recover. Fireman Sechrist of Erie was bruised and cut about the face and head but walked to Ludlow and received medical attendance.

The injured men were brought to Kane Summit Hospital where Company Surgeon Thos. L. Kane cared for them. Dr. Evan O'N. Kane went to the scene of the wreck to render assistance to any in need but when the two engineers were taken from among broken timber and twisted iron they were dead. The body of Mr. Murphy was taken to Vollmer's undertaking rooms and the news gently borne to his wife and five children at their home on Haines street. Here a few hours before the husband and father had gone forth to duty and the task of telling them of their loss was one that only a firm friend and Christian could do. The body of Engineer Diefenbaugh was cared for by Undertaker Carrier and will be sent to his home in Erie. He is about 40 years old and married.

The cause of the accident was a runaway car of lumber which got away because of a defective brake while being switched in Kane yard. It plunged down the grade westward for nearly five miles and must have acquired a fearful momentum when it crashed into the two engines hauling a heavy freight. The lumber shot over the cabs of both locomotives demolishing them and blocking the track for a time.

Vaccination.

Editor Miner:—No specific remedy for small pox is known and the greatest importance therefore is attached to a trustworthy prophylactic procedure, namely vaccination, whose beneficent results can be doubted only by persons with extremely narrow views or incompetent to form an opinion of medical experiences and facts. No fact is better attested than this protection in the case of small-pox. The proof of the degree of it is sure at a glance by observation of statistics in countries and cities where they are most accurately kept. Thus in Sweden the mortality from small-pox in the 24 years before the introduction of vaccinia (1801) was 2,050 per 1,000,000 annually, after vaccination 158 per 1,000,000. Drysdale says of Berlin that the mortality in that city during the epidemic of 1872 and 1878 was 242 and 262 respectively per 100,000 inhabitants. Thereupon vaccination was made compulsory and revaccination in the twelfth year of life with the result that in the first year of enforcement (1875) the mortality fell to 3,6 per 100,000; to 3.1 in the year 1876; to 0.3 in 1877 and so on for succeeding years down to 1883 with an average of 1.1 per 100,000. The nearly absolute protection of vaccination is shown again by comparison of cities in which vaccination and revaccination are obligatory and optional.

Thus according to the recent reports of the Berlin health officers the mortality of small-pox per 100,000 inhabitants in 1888 was: In Dresden 0, in Berlin 0.07, in London 0.6, in Munich 0.75, in Hamburg 3.58, in Paris 9, in St. Petersburg 12.30, in Vienna 26.15, in Prague 55.49. Corbally reports that the vaccinated children of Sheffield (1887 and 1888) had as compared with the unvaccinated children a twenty fold immunity from attack and a four hundred and eighty fold security against death by small-pox.

These facts render further statements superfluous, but a few points may be added from army life. Army statistics are especially valuable from their accuracy. Thus Schultze shows that since the operation of the German law the annual average cases of small-pox per 100,000 was in the army of Germany 4,94, of France 169.72, of Austria 374. During the Franco-German war (1870 and 1871) the mortality of small-pox in the unvaccinated French army was 23,469, while that of the vaccinated German army was but 261. As already stated elsewhere there has been reported but one case of death from small-pox in the German army since 1874. Morbidity shows the same results as mortality statistics. For since the enactment of the compulsory law in Germany (Schultze) there have been attacked with small-pox annually: In the German army up to 1887, 4.2; in the French army up to 1886, 169; in the Austrian army up to 1881, 317.5.

The immunity conferred by vaccination does not, as Jenner hoped, last for life. Therefore vaccination becomes a necessity after a lapse of years. The best proof of this necessity is furnished in the fact that vaccination takes as a rule. Thus among the soldiers of Prussia, Russia and Denmark it was successful in 60 to 70 per cent of cases.

Heim found in five years but one case of varioloid among 14,884 revaccinated soldiers and but one case among 80,000 civilians, small-pox meanwhile prevailing in 844 places in which these people lived. Protection begins on the fourth day after the introduction of the virus and is perfect on the ninth day.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Gaskin & Grant, the news dealers, have a fine line of candies, nuts and fruits for the holiday trade. Give them a call. One door east of the Hotel Imperial.

A Carpet Sweeper for a Christmas gift. We have them.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Our store fairly groans with fine goods for Holiday seekers.

McCoy's Drug Store.

If interested in saving gas read Redfield's ad.

PERSONAL MENTION.

John N. Apple had business in Bradford Saturday.

Jeoffrey Mayo is home from Cornell for the holidays.

Miss Edna Keenan is home from Bradford to spend the holidays.

Miss Nellie Musser of Machias, N. Y., is spending the holidays with her mother in town.

W. P. Beckwith of Farmers Valley was a pleasant caller at this office on Saturday.

Mrs. R. S. Blowers and children of N. Y., are visiting her mother, Mrs. J. W. Brennan.

Miss Marion Dunn is home from her school duties at Ontario, N. Y., to spend the holidays.

Mesdames T. A. Morrison, T. F. Richmond and J. W. Bouton were Bradford visitors Friday.

Harry Rubin, who has been attending college at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Bouton, who are attending college at Carlisle, are home for their holiday vacation.

Mrs. W. R. Gibson of Bradford was a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Knapp, the first of the week.

Burgess E. L. Ryan and Ralph E. Yerdon of Kane were in town Thursday evening to attend the Frogs' banquet.

Mrs. George Shepard left Tuesday morning for Buffalo, where she will enter a hospital for surgical treatment.

Dr. H. L. McCoy departed on Tuesday for Crestline, Ohio, called there by the serious illness of his little granddaughter.

Mrs. Folger and daughter, Miss Ethel of Geneva, N. Y., are guests of Mrs. Folger's daughter, Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin.

Col. and Mrs. M. M. Gillette and infant daughter of Newark, Ohio, are guests of relatives in town for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Hamlin of Chicago arrived in Smethport Monday and will pass the holiday season in town.

Ray Gifford of Cleveland, Ohio, is spending the holidays in town the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gifford.

Mrs. F. T. Charnock of Smethport was the guest of Mrs. S. J. Tappan and other friends Wednesday.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Lynn Hopper of Belmont, N. Y., is passing the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Hopper, at their home on Pike street.

Charles E. McCoy is home from St. Stephen's college for his holiday vacation. James Elton, his roommate, accompanied him.

Mr. and Mrs. John Youmans started on Monday morning to attend the funeral of Mr. Youmans' sister, Mrs. Constine Connelly of Covington, Tioga Co., Pa.

Mrs. Rebecca J. Smith of Springfield, Mass., visited her uncle, B. L. Knapp, in town this week. Mrs. Smith is editor of the Herald of Life, a religious weekly paper published at Springfield.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Company, for the election of five directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the company, 100 Main street, Smethport, Pa., on Tuesday, the thirteenth day of January, 1903, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Dated Smethport, Pa., December 24, 1902.

Ralph E. Burdick, Sec.

Special Holiday Reduction.

Cabinet photos only $2.00 per dozen, this month only. No extra charge for groups. Come in the morning for sittings if possible.

Schwab & Sherman.
59 Main St. Bradford, Pa.

The finest display of cut glass in the county is to be seen in Hogarth's drugstore. Hawks' ware at reasonable prices. Come and see it.

Bibles, prayer books for holiday trade. Larger assortment than ever. McCoy's Drug Store.

Fruits, candies and nuts at Gaskin & Grant's. They are always fresh.

The best robes and blankets at the lowest prices at Charles Lemmler's.

If interested in saving gas read Redfield's ad.

Use the Redfield mantle.

4 Per Cent. on Savings Deposits

subject to withdrawal of $100 without notice, and 2 per cent. on Checking Accounts at Pittsburg Trust Company. Interest compounded semi-annually. Capital, surplus and profits exceeding $6,000,000 and deposits over $10,000,000. Do all your banking by mail. Send for two-hundred year calendar free. 323 Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

SEND US A COW,

Steer, Bull or Horse hide, Calf skin, Dog skin, or any other kind of hide or skin, and let us tan it with the hair on, soft, light, odorless and moth-proof, for robe, rug, coat or gloves.

But first get our Catalogue, giving prices, and our shipping tags and instructions, so as to avoid mistakes. We also buy raw furs.

THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY, 116 Mill Street, Rochester, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS CARPETS MEN'S FURNISHINGS.
CARPETS MADE FREE.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

BIGGEST VARIETY. BEST VALUES.

We don't do things by halves. This week we place on sale a mammoth stock of gift novelties. Our sources of supply are the fountain heads, hence we guarantee the newest and best for the least money. Buy where there is the most to select from, where your cash has greatest purchasing power. Complete assortment in

Toys
Games
Dolls
Childrens Books
Booklets
Footballs
Rubber Balls
Doll Furniture
Toilet Cases
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Glove & Hdkf Boxes
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Gloves
Handkerchiefs
Neckwear
Umbrellas
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Furs
Men's Furnishings

FRY & HERZOG.

The World Has The Money.

We have the goods and they are right here in our store. Goods bought intelligently, displayed rightly and sold so that the purchaser knows he has made a wise, economical investment every time. They are

New, Novel and Up-to-Date Holiday Goods.

Just bought. Just opened for inspection and to be sold on merits and at prices that will not only win patronage in the present but sustain the reputation of this store as a trustworthy and up-to-date establishment in every respect. Our stock includes

Watches, Diamonds, Clocks and Silverware.

A fine display of cut glass and gold goods and novelties. All kinds of watch repairing a specialty. Jobbing and stone setting. All work guaranteed. Engraving free.

Respectfully,

MRS. E. G. CARTER

SMETHPORT, PENN'A.

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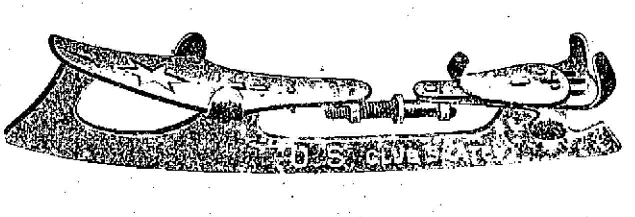

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Best quality steel, FULLY NICKEL PLATED. Strong adjustable clamps. Nothing finer.

Cheaper Ones.

Same grade of steel as above with polished runners, other parts bright finish. Adjustable clamps. A first class skate.

Ladies' Club Skates.

The front of these skates are secured by adjustable clamps. No toe straps to make the feet cold. Best russet leather heel brace and strap. Made from the very best quality steel fine polished. A great improvement over the ordinary kind which we also have.

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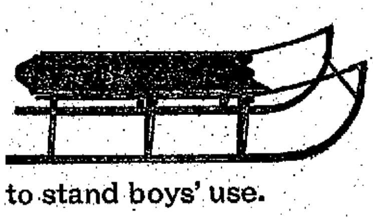

Not the flimsy kind but built with STEEL RUNNERS AND FRAMES to stand boys' use.

There is no healthier recreation that coasting. Let the children try it. We can fit any boy or girl with a good sled at the right price. Large assortment, all sizes, handsomely finished, light, strong and durable.

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Lumber and Hardware

Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.

Smethport, Pa McKean County.

...WON BY PLUCK AND DARING

December 30, 1862

A Fortieth Anniversary War Story

[Copyright, 1902, by G. L. Kilmer.]

FORREST, the king of raiders, the prince of fighters, could be beaten. This shows that he was only mortal and adds glory to his innumerable brilliant exploits. He was squarely beaten at Parker's Crossroads, Tenn., the 30th of December, 1862.

During the last two weeks of December Forrest had raided the line of the Mississippi Central railroad in the rear of Grant's army operating against Vicksburg and contributed to the defeat of the Federal campaign. There were swarms of Federals in west Tennessee at the time, but so swift had Forrest moved from point to point that his enemy failed to bring him to battle until he was about to return whence he came east of Tennessee river.

Forrest's column was mounted, but its speed was regulated by a long train of wagons laden with the spoils of the raid. In order to reach the river crossing near Lexington the raiders must pass Parker's Crossroads, which happened to be only five miles from the camp of Colonel Cyrus L. Dunham, a Federal officer who had been sent into the region with an advance guard of 1,500 men to watch Forrest and bring him to bay.

Dunham's men had marched and countermarched in search of Forrest since the beginning of the raid and were travel worn, but under the hope of at last trapping the foxy raider they had made their last stretch of twelve miles in three hours. During the night Dunham's scouts brought word that Forrest was making for the crossroads and was but a few miles away. He telegraphed word to his superior that he would "coax or force a fight out of Forrest in the morning" and thrust his pickets out on the road in Forrest's pathway.

Early in the morning Forrest's advance rode up in detached parties and was met on every hand by Dunham's wary vedettes. Dunham pushed the skirmish fight with great vigor. The raiders in the front drew back to await the main body. The encounter was a complete surprise to the troopers, for during two weeks the enemy had failed to force or coax a fight, and Forrest's men believed they didn't want to.

While his pickets were skirmishing Dunham formed his line on a ridge covering the crossroads and the approaches from Forrest's position. There was no way out of the trap for Forrest except to smash Dunham. This the raider tried to do with artillery, his soldiers and the train meanwhile attempting to pass around the Federals by the flank. Dunham ordered his own battery to return the fire and also to shell the escaping column, but the Federals were short of artillery ammunition and could only keep two pieces in action.

The Confederate artillery fire was severe upon Dunham's line. Just what Forrest wanted, but instead of retreating from the ridge Dunham ordered a charge upon the hostile guns. At that moment Colonel Napier's Confederate battalion charged Dunham's front, and Forrest led three regiments around the hill to attack the Federal rear. Dunham's men were facing Napier's, but his two guns were doing some execution in that direction, and he faced his line about, rushing at Forrest's cavalry with bayonets. The Confederate troopers backed off from the cold steel, and Napier's men, seeing the confusion in the force led by their chief, thought the day was lost and also retreated, leaving their artillery between the lines. Dunham's sharpshooters had cut down the horses of the caissons and cannon, and the raiders could not save them.

But the battle was not over; Dunham's danger had increased in spite of the repulse of Forrest on the crown of the ridge. The flank march of the cavalry had cut Dunham off from his base and the supports he looked for to come in response to his message that he would fight Forrest at Parker's Crossroads. The nearest supports left their camp many hours' march away, at the time the fight began, and consisted of two regiments, the Twenty-seventh and Thirty-ninth Ohio, led by Colonel J. W. Fuller.

When Fuller got within sound of the guns, he was overtaken by a message from his chief ordering a halt. At the same time an aid rode back from the direction of Dunham's battlefield with the news that Forrest held the road, cutting off the re-enforcements from Dunham, who was fighting against odds. Fuller marched on to the help of Dunham. Meanwhile the situation had become critical for Dunham, while even Forrest's fortunes rested on the turn of a hand. Dunham held the ridge, but having no ammunition for his guns could not control the road nor keep Forrest at a distance. In fact he was as good as surrounded. Forrest rallied his discomfited troopers and attempted his favorite game of bluffing the enemy. One of his aids sought out Colonel Dunham and said, "General Forrest understands that you have surrendered."

"The general is mistaken," responded the dauntless Hoosier colonel. "We have never thought of surrendering."

The aid rode away to report to Forrest, then came back with a new tune. Said he, "General Forrest demands an unconditional surrender."

Colonel Dunham replied, "Give my compliments to the general and tell him that I never surrender. If he thinks he can take me, let him try it on."

At that moment Forrest had Dunham hemmed in on three sides with a superior force, but Colonel Fuller, with two regiments, was on the outside of Forrest.

The new force coming up on the Huntington road was sighted by Forrest's scouts and the fact reported to the chief, who rode forward expecting to meet a battalion of his own troopers which had been left back upon that road. He was met by a stinging fire delivered on the rear of his position and, believing that it was a mistake, dashed forward into Fuller's lines. Fuller's attack was a complete surprise and stampeded the horses of the dismounted raiders in rear of the fighting line. The artillery horses were also cut down. The first volley of the Twenty-seventh Ohio unhorsed several troopers of Forrest's bodyguard, and his adjutant general was captured. Forrest literally ran away from his comrades. Being discovered and halted by a Federal officer, he answered the demand to surrender by coolly saying, "I have done so some time ago and am collecting my command to surrender in due form." This ruse saved him.

Fuller's men captured 300 horses of Forrest's and retook one gun and a wagon train which Forrest had captured from Dunham early in the fight. Fuller also captured 500 of Forrest's troopers, three of his guns and eight caissons.

Forrest promptly ordered a retreat as soon as he got back to his lines. In his report he tells how Dunham fought him for five hours and also declares that thirty minutes more with Dunham alone would have given him the fight, which was true. Dunham was in hard straits. His men could do no more than stand and see themselves hemmed in by Forrest. However, they fought like heroes, spurning the idea of surrender. The men of the battery, when their ammunition had been used up on the enemy, fought in the ranks of the infantry with any weapons at hand.

Forrest's friendly biographers claim that their hero was outnumbered by Dunham alone, yet the same authorities state that Dunham was hemmed in and fought desperately for five hours. Soldiers who fight so long and well do not permit themselves to be hemmed in by an inferior force. Forrest's force is placed officially by Confederates at 1,800 men, comprised in four regiments, three battalions and two batteries. Dunham had in the field 1,500 men and one battery only partly engaged, and that only for a short time.

Forrest usually swept everything before him, but he seldom found a Dunham and a Fuller on his track. Like Stonewall Jackson, he dodged a fight against superior numbers and would have dodged Dunham at Parker's Crossroads but for the heavy wagon train, which was a dead weight on the movements of his mounted column. While racing with Dunham and Fuller for the crossroads he lost a day in getting his train over broken bridges and bad roads, but it was part of his game to get the train, with all its valuables, out of west Tennessee; otherwise that important feature of the raid would have been a failure.

"TELL HIM I NEVER SURRENDER."

Fuller's boldness in disobeying the command of his chief when ordered to halt was the turning point of the day. His men, with the rest of the Federal army in west Tennessee, had been on a useless chase after the raiders for two weeks. At last Forrest was come up with, and the chance for a fight to a finish was too good to be lost. He marched to the point of danger, to the help of his colleague. That march spoiled Forrest's victory at Parker's Crossroads and lessened the military glory of his great raid behind Grant.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
BEST FOR THE BOWELS
10c. 25c. 50c. All Druggists.
Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk.
Beware of the dealer who tries to sell
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Don't Accept a Substitute!

When you ask for Cascarets be sure you get the genuine Cascarets Candy Cathartic! Don't accept fraudulent substitutes, imitations or counterfeits! Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, 10c.

A CHRIS CRIME

A Yuletide Tale of Two Homes

RIDGEWOOD had a thief! When I, Detective Martinet of the metropolitan secret service, was called out there, I found the town in a state of excitement over the robberies. The principal ones had taken place in the mansion of Colonel Payne, the richest man in Ridgewood.

There had been four burglaries at the Payne mansion. The first night silver was taken—small pieces consisting of spoons, forks, after dinner coffees and knives.

The second night a small rocking chair disappeared and several velvet covered footstools and nice little articles of bric-a-brac designed for Christmas gifts. The third night all the children's Christmas toys that had been carefully stored away in a Santa Claus cupboard by Colonel Payne and his wife, ready for Christmas eve, disappeared, and the fourth night the cellar was pillaged of its wine and fruits.

"Looks as if it was somebody inside the house," said the colonel after we had been over the ground pretty well.

"Not exactly," said I, "or why would they take a rocking chair?"

The party that accompanied me through the house consisted of the colonel and his wife, the oldest daughter, a girl of fifteen, and the colonel's private secretary, William Winter.

"I NEVER SAW ANYTHING SO LOVELY."

"This is the window they got in at the first night," said Winter, pointing to a bay window on the ground floor leading out of the dining room. "And this is the one they got in at the other nights," pointing to another big window that was in the staircase hall alongside the front door.

"Why didn't they always enter at the same window?" I asked carelessly.

"That's what bothers me," said Winter, "but you can go see for yourself that they didn't," pointing to trampled places under both of the windows.

"You see it was this way," said the colonel. "We were greatly alarmed the first night when the silver was taken, and we set a watch over the things. From that night to the present this house has been steadily guarded from the inside every night, from dark until daylight. And yet we have had three robberies during that time. It is the strangest thing I ever saw, and I'd give $500 to catch the burglars."

"Are they operating anywhere else in Ridgewood?"

"Yes," said Winter promptly, "they tried to steal some things out of the church last night, and a week ago they broke into the office of the gas company."

"Are you familiar there?" I asked.

"Yes," said Winter.

"One thing more, colonel, before I go," I said. "Will you tell me the name of the person who was on guard in your house the last three nights?"

"I was the person," said Winter.

"All right, colonel," I said. "I am going back to the city today to stay about a week, but I will be back Christmas eve, and then I will look up your thief for you. And, by the way, you might get ready for your Christmas tree, for I expect to give you all your things back in time for your Christmas celebration."

The colonel looked skeptical and Winter shook his head sadly.

"Don't you think you had better stay here if you are going to look for him?" asked the colonel.

"No," I said. "It isn't necessary. Good day, you can look for me Christmas eve."

I said goodby, but I didn't leave Ridgewood after all. I only went away far enough to hide myself in a certain little hotel in the little town, and there I waited and watched—did as slick detective work as I ever did in my life, even in a big city on the biggest robbery I ever had.

Christmas eve found me, not in the colonel's home, but out in the cold, frosty air, looking into the window of a little cottage. The cottage was the end one in a row of wooden houses, each with a grass plot around it. It belonged to William Winter, private secretary to Colonel Payne; and in the cottage lived Winter and his wife and Winter's wife's mother; also six little Winters varying in age all the way from four to twelve years.

"I never saw anything so lovely in all my life, papa," the oldest Winter girl was saying as I pressed my nose against the glass and peeped in through the narrow strip between the window sash and the casement.

There inside of the room stood a little Christmas tree upon a big box, and upon the tree and all around the foot of it stood dozens of beautiful Christmas gifts. Such a Christmas tree you never saw! There were little things in silver—spoons, forks, after dinner coffees and knives, and there was a rocking chair, also several little footstools and little articles of bric-a-brac, all newly covered with cheap chintz. And there were toys. Oh, so many toys! And upon the table at the side of the tree stood the best of wines and Christmas fruits.

"How sweet of you, Will!" Winter's pretty wife said as she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "How did you ever guess that I wanted all those silver things for the table?"

"And did any one ever see such a son-in-law?" cried the old lady as her eyes fell upon the table with the wine and fruits.

"I have got the goodest papa in the world," yelled the six year old, while the others chimed in "Yeth" as they made a dive for the toys.

"I could sit in this rocking chair for a week," murmured Winter's wife, rocking herself back and forth with her feet on the gayly covered footstool. "If it wasn't that I felt as if I wanted to get up and kiss you again," she said to Winter for the twentieth time as she looked around.

"Now go to bed, all of you," cried Winter, "and something extra for the one who starts first. Don't let me hear a word from you again until tomorrow morning at breakfast, and then we'll have Christmas all day."

He hustled them out of the room, and when I tapped on the door there was no one left downstairs to open it but he.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" I asked, stepping into the room and pointing to all the Christmas things.

"I don't know," said he, dropping down by the table and hiding his face in his hands. "I don't know, I am sure. It will kill her if you tell her."

"What made you take them?" I asked.

"Because he's got so much he doesn't know what to do with it," said Winter. "So I took them all easy like and thought it would blow over in a few days. You see, we have so many babies in our family," he added, "that there wasn't much left this year for Christmas, and the children have been talking about it every day for the last three months. It broke my heart to think I'd have to disappoint them, so I did the best I could for them."

"You watched the house all night for the colonel, did you?"

"Yes, except for about an hour; long enough to slip over here with an armful."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"God knows; I don't," he repeated. "It will kill her if you tell her."

"Do you want me to arrest you tonight, or will you wait until morning?"

"Christmas day!" he exclaimed, breaking down and beginning to cry like a baby. "I know I'm a wretch. Only kill me—do anything; but don't tell her."

It might have been that the spirit of Christmas was in the air. Perhaps the thought of those six little children and that sweet faced wife had a stronger influence than they should have had over a detective's heart. But I said to him, "Well, bundle up the things and come along with me, and we'll see what we can do about it."

We looked like two Santa Clauses ourselves as we slipped along the streets, choosing bylanes and cross paths to the Payne residence.

We got into the triangular lawn by a rear path and stole softly up to the house. There was the dining room brilliantly lighted and in the middle stood a tree all bare and waiting for gifts, just as I told the colonel to arrange it.

There was no one in the room, and after I had pried up the sash we stole in together. There was only just time to drop our packages on the floor at the foot of the tree and to rush away again before the colonel's daughter came in.

"Oh, papa," she cried, "here are some presents for us."

But I heard no more just then, for I was busy helping poor Winter get away. An hour later I rang the colonel's front door bell. He opened the door himself.

"Come right in," said he. "I guess you are a wizard tonight. Just after we got the Christmas tree set up and while we were upstairs getting our presents together to hang on the tree the thief came back and left the Christmas presents."

"Everything there?" I asked.

"Everything," said he, "down to the last teaspoon. We have counted them all. Poor fellow, he must have had a guilty conscience, and when it came Christmas eve he squared it with himself by sending back all he had stolen."

"Strange!" said I.

"Very strange," said the colonel. "I'd like, if I knew who the thief was, to send him something for a Christmas present, just as a reward for his conscience. As it is I ask you, detective, not to look him up. He has evidently turned over a new leaf this Christmas eve."

"Evidently," said I.

"Now, detective," said the colonel, "I am going to ask you to stay with us over Christmas and enjoy a nice holiday. And so that we can all have an extra fine day I am going to send one of the boys over to Winter's house tonight with these things so that he can have a merry Christmas as well as the rest of us."—Minneapolis Tribune.

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Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Life, Fire and Accident
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In good, reliable companies.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—William A. Stone.
Lieutenant Governor—J. P. S. Gobin.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.
Member of Congress—J. C. Sibley, Venango.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Member of Assembly—E. A. Boyne, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—William B. Clarke, Smethport.
Prothonotary—G. W. Mitchell, Bradford.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Boardman, Smethport; Albert Peterson, Kane; Thos. F. Hungiville, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm., Broodef.
Auditors—A. L. Gallup, Smethport; B. G. Battle, Port Allegany, James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—F. W. Brownell.
Council—James A. McKean, president, Mrs. J. Colegrove, secretary; W. P. Walsh, treasurer; Charles McKean, C. Herzog, Alfred Hagberg, Thomas Camp, J. A. Yerdon.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, W. Stark.
Constable—C. N. Eates.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Theo. N. Apple, treasurer; B. D. Gallup, secretary, W. F. Specht, H.W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—R. C. Sasse, John Eastman, Alex Clarke.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—Samuel Green, F. H. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
GEO. W. MITCHELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. F. [illegible], N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. [illegible], Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 187, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rc. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3:00 p. m., in the M. E. chapel.
MISS S. A. SCULL, Pres't.
MRS. M. E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 28, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. DENN, G. Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
JOHN BENDER, S.
L. R. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal.—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 24, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:14 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:39 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:39 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..........10:59 a. m.
Train 1-6, week days..........7:07 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..........9:14 a. m.
Train 123, week days..........2:39 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:18 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 4:05 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:30 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.
10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.
6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS	SOUTH Ar. P. M.
9 40	Ridgway	12 05
9 55	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 11	Glen Hazel	11 28
10 20	Straight	11 20
10 25	Instanter	11 16
10 31	Smith's Run	11 10
10 38	Woodvale	11 04
10 45	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:48 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 906, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

B. & K. LWAY

TIME TABLE.

Eastern Standard Time.

IN EFFECT JUNE 1, 1902.

SOUTHBOUND.

STATIONS	1	3	6	7	9	25
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
[illegible] Lv.	7 30	10 15	1 20	4 10	[illegible]	
[illegible]	8 10	10 50	1 50	4 48	6 52	
[illegible]	8 14	10 55	2 02	4 52	6 55	
[illegible]	8 19	11 02	[illegible]	4 57	7 02	
[illegible]	8 25	11 06	2 14	5 03	7 08	
[illegible]	8 35	11 20	2 25	5 15	7 20	
[illegible] Ar.	9 00	11 50	2 50	5 40	7 45	
Lv.	8 00	10 45	1 50	4 40	[illegible]	
[illegible]	9 05	11 50	2 55	5 47	7 52	
Ar.	9 40	12 25	3 30	6 25	8 30	
Lv.	9 50			4 30		
[illegible]	10 20			5 00		
[illegible]	10 42			5 30		
[illegible]	11 25			[illegible]		
[illegible]	12 00					[illegible]
[illegible]	12 15					[illegible]
[illegible]	12 40					[illegible]
[illegible]	12 45					[illegible]
[illegible]	1 00					[illegible]
[illegible]	1 05					[illegible]
[illegible]	1 32					[illegible]
[illegible]	2 00					[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]					9 10
[illegible]	[illegible]					[illegible]
Ar.	5 25					[illegible]
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.

NORTHBOUND.

STATIONS	2	4	6	8	26	10
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
[illegible] Lv.				7 30	[illegible]	
[illegible]				8 00	4 27	
[illegible]				9 30	5 17	
[illegible]				11 16	7 00	
[illegible]				11 30	7 17	
[illegible]				12 15	8 00	
[illegible]				12 32	8 10	
[illegible]				12 45	8 30	
[illegible]				12 48	[illegible]	
[illegible]				1 15		
[illegible]				1 38		
[illegible]		8 15		2 15		
[illegible]		9 00		3 00		
[illegible]		9 28		3 25		
Ar.		10 00		3 57		
Lv.	7 25	10 10	1 15	4 05		2 50
[illegible]	8 04	10 49	1 54	4 40		3 20
[illegible]	8 35	11 20	2 25	5 15		4 00
[illegible] Ar.	9 00	11 50	2 50	5 40		
Lv.	8 00	10 45	1 50	4 40		
[illegible]	8 44	11 30	2 35	5 24		4 16
[illegible]	8 50	11 37	2 42	5 30		4 17
[illegible]	8 55	11 42	2 47	5 35		4 22
[illegible]	9 00	11 48	2 53	5 40		4 28
[illegible] Ar.	9 25	12 20	3 25	6 10		[illegible]
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.		P. M.

[illegible] Ormsby Sunday only.
[illegible] between Ormsby and [illegible] Sundays.
[illegible] Daily except Sunday.

JNO. C. McKENNA,
Gen'l Pass. Agent.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 14. Passenger Train Schedule
Effective June 26, 1902.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
	1.10	8.10	lv Mt.Jewett ar	8.00	12.00	
5.21	1.50	8.31	Hazelhurst	7.36	11.36	4.26
5.29	2.05	8.37	Marvindale	7.29	11.29	4.19
5.32	2.10	8.40	Kasson	7.25	11.25	4.15
5.37	2.17	8.47	Comes	7.18	11.18	4.08
6.05	2.30	9.14	Smethport	7.10 p. m. 7.15	11.10	3.49
6.18	2.43	9.27	Farmers Valley	7.03	10.58	3.28
6.25	2.49	9.34	Corryville	6.55	10.51	3.21
6.31	2.55	9.40	Larrabee	6.50	10.46	3.15

SHAWMUT DIVISION.

Southward Read down P.M.	A.M.		STATIONS & Sidings	Northward Read up P.M.	A.M.
7.40	11.30		Clermont	7.00	8.35
7.59	11.52		Wellendorf	6.28	8.17
8.12	12.06		Wildwood	6.40	8.04
8.22	12.10		North Fork	5.38	7.58
8.29	12.28		Bear Run	5.26	7.47
		AM			PM
8.47	12.50		St. Marys	4.50	7.25
9.07	2.50	7.38	St. Marys	11.02	6.47
	2.52	7.40	Kaul	11.00	6.45
	3.17	8.03	Paine	10.34	6.20
	3.21	8.08	Kersey	10.30	6.16
	4.00	8.46	Elbon	9.59	5.44
	4.05	8.50	Hyde	9.55	5.40
AM	AM			PM	AM
	6.03		St. Marys	6.08	
8.05	6.30		Paine	5.42	8.05
8.35	7.00		Byrne	5.10	7.30
8.40	7.05		Weedville	5.05	7.06

Close connections at St. Marys, with P. & E. R. R. for all points East and West. At Clermont, for all points on W. N. Y. & P. R'y. or their connections.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt.
C. H. HAMMOND, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward. A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS. Ar / Dr	L'v Westward. A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.31
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.26
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp / Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

0—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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THE CHRISTMAS PIRATES

By CHARLOTTE F. BOLDTMANN

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WE left off sailing our chair ships to fierce and bloodless battles on carpet seas and followed Helen. The daring pirate, knocked from his ship in the excitement, forgot to cry. We all forgot everything but Helen, for she had a secret she would not tell us.

We bubbled over with excitement and desire and eagerness, begging for her story, but she was calm and mysterious and grew in importance as we pressed about her.

We hung about restlessly, watching her every move; we could not play the games so dear to us; we wanted to pounce upon Helen and with brute force make her tell what she knew, but we dared not, fearing never to learn. Mother was preparing to go out, and, feeling sure we should know when she left, we offered to help her—to get her hat, to button her shoes—while she looked at us wonderingly, not understanding our willingness to assist. When she had gone, Helen said nothing, but led the way out of the room, across the hall, up the stairs and into the garret room. The daring pirate again fell, but recovered himself without tears and with a grunt followed on quickly rather than lose sight of Helen.

Finally she stopped before a closet far over on the other side of the house. She waited for all to come up, then opened the door and pointed.

"Santa Claus!" we shouted and were silent with awe. There on the shelf under the rafters stood all the evidences that Santa Claus had been there.

[illegible]

ships and sleds, books, skates and a theater for our dolls.

Still we were silent. The daring pirate brought his chair ship and, climbing into it, captured the shelf's cargo. Automobile, doll, dishes, gun, balls, sheep, elephant, books, skates and all came down. We scrambled for them, silently tearing them from each other's fingers. Each gained a treasure especially coveted and became absorbed in it, forgetting time and place and all else but that the longing to possess at last was satisfied.

Below stairs a door slammed, caught by the wind. We jumped to our feet in an agony of fear. No one must find us here. We snatched the toys from the little ones, sending them away in a flood of tears. We put the toys back in their places and went below stairs. The little ones chattered excitedly, but we tried to quiet them, impressing upon them that Santa had left these gifts for Christmas and would take them away if any one found out. We all agreed never, never to tell; we promised not to peep into the closet, not even to go up to the garret from then until Christmas.

We returned to our play, wishing to act as though nothing had happened. No one spoke of our secret, but the suppressed excitement in the air made us forget our piratical battles. We feared for the little ones too.

In the morning the little ones came whispering, begging us to go upstairs, but we dared not, fearful to let them see more. Yet nothing we did would quiet them, and we were afraid of an outburst of tears. Mother looked at us with suspicion, not knowing why we whispered, and we did not dare to keep it up lest she should question us and learn from the little ones what we had done. So we told them Santa Claus had taken the toys away, and if we were very, very good and never spoke of them again he would bring them back on Christmas eve. Satisfied, they began to play in the usual way. We played, too, hoping to forget, but could not. When the little ones took their afternoon nap, we started for the garret to take one peep, but were bidden to stay downstairs. We longed for a sight of our treasures. One glimpse would make us happy, we felt sure, but we could not get it and hung about, uneasy and hard to please. We asked questions about Santa Claus and what he would bring, hoping to learn which toys would be our own, but we were answered evasively and told to wait until Christmas. When night came, mother sent us early to bed, judging from our action we were sick. We tried to sleep, but could not, thoughts of the treasures over our heads keeping us awake. We got together and whispered, longing for a sight of the new toys, and knowing that all were safely asleep [illegible] took the night candle and crawled up the garret stairs to the cupboard! Again the sight filled us with longing. Again the daring pirate [illegible]

[illegible]

Every night we played in the garret and each day longed for night to come, yet dreading to be found out. One day when a neighbor commented on the nightly light in our garret we grew faint and white and breathlessly waited for mother's answer. To our relief she merely smiled and said Santa Claus needed a light sometimes. But as for us we were careful to keep the light from the window after that.

It was the week before Christmas. We began to stay up later. Our former fear of mice in the garret engulfed our desire to see the new toys. Their charms were beginning to fade; no longer we cared for the automobile that carried the doll with pink cheeks and chestnut hair, with eyes that opened and closed, with magnificent silken gown, nor for the drum major's cap, nor the horn that Little Boy Blue would blow, nor the dishes for the little mother, nor the sword and the gun for the fierce pirate, nor the nodding elephant, the bleating sheep, bats and balls, ships and sleds, books, skates, the theater for our dolls.

The grownups began to get mysterious and to talk often of Christmas and the joys it would bring, but we grew sadder and sadder as it approached, for it could bring no surprises for us. We missed the joy of anticipation, and for the first time in our lives we learned what sorrow meant. A realization of the wrong we had done came home to us. We would have given anything to undo it, but could not, for nothing would make it right. Mother bustled about working to make it a happy Christmas, yet she worried over us, dosing us with medicines and teas she thought would help us. But they did us no good, for she could not know it was the guilty conscience rather than the body that needed healing. Those bitter doses filled our cup of woe almost to overflowing, yet we took them rather than tell the truth, for we had solemnly vowed she must never know. We agreed to cheer up and be happy, and when she was there we played at pirates, but had not the heart necessary to victory and generally lost to the little ones. Each day we looked more miserable and became paler and thinner and less inclined to eat. Tears came easily to our eyes, and in those times life was full of misery.

On Christmas eve we were silent and listless. We tried hard to be lively and full of expectation for the coming day, but did not deceive mother, who sent us early to bed, giving us an extra strong dose of the bitter medicine. We tried to beg off, but she made us take it, telling us we must be well when morning came or we could not enjoy the presents Santa Claus would bring, and we had to pretend to want it. We heard her tell father she believed we would have measles or some other fever, and she helped us undress, tucking us in and kissing us tenderly the way mother always does when we do not feel well and crept up once or twice to see us.

In the intervals we talked sorrowfully of the ordeal before us and nerved ourselves to be pleased when we saw the automobile to carry the doll with pink cheeks and chestnut hair, with eyes that opened and shut, with magnificent silken gown; the drum major's cap, the horn that Little Boy Blue would blow, the dishes for the little mother, the sword and the gun for the fierce pirate, the nodding elephant, the bleating sheep, bats and balls, ships and sleds, books, skates, the theater for our dolls. No one must know we had ever seen them, we would be overjoyed at getting them, we would forget our sorrows and our sins.

Morning dawned. In the delight of expectation the little ones woke early, and mother called us asking anxiously how we felt. She made us dress, fearful of cold and wondered that we did not beg to go down in our gowns and slippers. We tried to laugh, but could not. Solemnly each one dressed and filed down the stairs to the joys that might have been ours but for Helen's fateful secret.

We entered the parlor. There about the tree lay the toys, ours at last, but no longer desired by us. It was an effort to touch them. With disappointment on her face, mother tried to make us see their beauties. Once more we tried to be happy, once more we made an effort to overcome the influence of our misdeeds. Then a keener realization of our sins came over us. Some one sobbed, and we one and all turned away, bursting into tears. Mother pleaded, begging to know what was wrong, but we could not tell; we could not break her heart with our wickedness. We tried to stop weeping, tried to look at the gifts which Santa Claus had brought, but the tears came faster and faster. We buried our heads in her lap and gave way to our grief while Helen wailed: "Oh, mother, I've spoiled Christmas for every one! But we'll never, never play with our presents before Christmas again!"

Mother understood. The tears streamed down her face while she gathered us in her arms. Father said nothing, but crossing the room, looked out of the window. We sobbed and sobbed until we could sob no longer. Then we dried our tears, and mother put away the toys, for we did not want them. We resumed our pirate life with meek and chastened spirit, ill befitting the ferocious deeds we did, for the pirates had learned a lesson. Never again would they capture a cargo stored by Santa Claus on a rafter shelf, awaiting the glad Christmastide.

"THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM," BY PIGLHEIN.

OUR LADY OF THE ANG[illegible] BOUGUEREAU.

THE OLD TIME CHRISTMAS

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

Let's nod a bit before the blaze
  Amid the quiet gloam
And live again those Christmas days
  Away back there at home.
Seems like the children of these times
  Have notions all so great;
The things that cost but cents and dimes
  They don't appreciate.

We did. How well I recollect
  Our famous Christmas tree—
The grandest pageant, I expect,
  That I shall ever see.
We didn't buy it in the town;
  We trudged a mile or so
To where it grew and chopped it down
  And hauled it through the snow.

I couldn't eat a bite of sup
  That Christmas eve—not I!
I couldn't sit—was bobbing up
  To hang about and spy.
And then when I had done my chores,
  With heart right on my lips
I saw it through the folding doors,
  Agleam with tallow dips.

The gifts? I got a pair of mitts
  By mother knit—bright red,
And father had employed his wits
  To build a fine new sled.
An orange—things too small, no doubt,
  To suit a modern lad,
But 'twas a Christmas out and out,
  The best I've ever had.

[Copyright, 1902, by Edwin L. Sabin.]

CUPID INCOGNITO

A Christmas Tale

BY PETER McARTHUR

Copyright, 1902, by Peter McArthur

ALL these complications were due to the widow. She was cheerful and careless, and as long as people had a good time she was satisfied. She had been the life of the Magnolia House in Florida since early in autumn, and now that Christmas was at hand she arranged a celebration and a tree for the exiles.

On the forenoon of the day before Christmas among the arrivals were two attractive young people who were entire strangers to one another. When they appeared on the veranda after lunch, the widow approached the young man.

"We are going to have a Christmas tree and german tonight. Would you not like to contribute something for the favors and attend?"

"Why, certainly," answered Mr. Fairchild, for that was his real name, as he handed over a bill.

"What name shall I write?"

Mr. Fairchild looked the widow squarely in the eye and said:

"Mr. Marmaduke Weston."

In the evening Miss Spaulding was sitting in a cozy window seat when the widow came rushing along.

"By the way," she exclaimed, "we are one couple short for our german. Will you not join us? I have just learned that your name is Miss Sparling."

[illegible]

[illegible] the other was, "Dances divinely!"

The conversation was naturally unprogressive, so it is hardly to be wondered at that after parting they carried away very distinct impressions. She had found the tall, curly haired athlete very interesting, while he found the serious faced girl, with the large, wistful eyes puzzling.

So it was not surprising that the following morning Fairchild looked in the hotel register to find where Miss Sparling had come from, but a careful study failed to reveal her name in the book. A mystery surrounded her that was certainly worth penetrating, he decided, even without any thought of becoming better acquainted with so charming a young lady, and he strolled out to smoke his cigar and meditate on the subject.

Shortly after Mr. Fairchild left the office Miss Spaulding entered that central bureau of information. She began looking through the register, but on no page of it could she find any record of the interesting Mr. Weston. But after all her investigations he continued just as much of a mystery to her as she was to him.

When they met during the day, they instinctively resumed their acquaintanceship on the same artificial plane. They played their parts with a natural touch of exaggeration that they both knew would seem absurd in general company, so by mutual consent they avoided each other when in danger of meeting when others were about. Many of their evenings, however, were enlivened by pleasant strolls in the neighborhood of the hotel, and they enjoyed their romance just as if it were in a book instead of in their real lives. After a few weeks had passed Miss Spaulding was suddenly recalled to the city and left the hotel while Fairchild was out boating, so there was no leave-taking of any kind. Thus she passed out of Fairchild's life; but, for a reason that he did not take the trouble to analyze, after returning to the city he never could pass a department store or a cloakhouse without strolling through, looking for a familiar face among the salesgirls and pretty models. He never found it, however, and Miss Sparling was becoming a wistful memory when he suddenly found himself face to face with her at a very fashionable Christmas ball a year later.

"Why, Miss Sparling!" he gasped.

"Mr. Weston!" she said, with equal surprise. In a moment they were both back playing their parts again, and she colored slightly as she remembered how carefully she had looked at every floorwalker she had seen while shopping.

"This is a pleasant surprise," he said.

"What?" she replied. "Are you surprised to find me here?" And her question was inspired by the guilty feeling she had herself. But before they had time to say any [illegible] the hostess came along [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] mistaken. [illegible]

"Well, perhaps [illegible] is failing, but you know one another now anyway, and I particularly wanted you to meet."

After she had disappeared Fairchild remarked:

"Don't you think that explanations are in order?"

"I do," replied Miss Spaulding demurely. "It is only a step to the conservatory."

"I can't help wondering," he began, "who those two people were that our hostess thought she saw talking together in the ballroom."

"I am sure I don't know," she replied, "though for months past I have suspected him of being a floorwalker. He was always so very polite."

"And I was certain she was a salesgirl or a cloak model," he replied, "because she looked too much like a social queen to be one." They both laughed heartily at the impressions they had made upon each other and finally understood how the whole misunderstanding had occurred. Then as they found each other more interesting in their proper persons than in their assumed parts it is not surprising that before the season ended they had decided in order to avoid any further confusion that it would be a wise move when next visiting the Magnolia House to be in a position to register under the same name.

"MADONNA AND CHILD," BY DOLCE.

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CHRISTMAS CLASSICS

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
—Tusser.

Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
—Clement C. Moore.

The time draws near the birth of Christ.
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.
—Tennyson.

This is the month and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring.
For so the holy sages once did sing
That he our deadly forfeit should release
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.
—Milton.

In December ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!
—Longfellow.

No trumpet blast profaned
The hour in which the Prince of Peace was born;
No bloody streamlet stained
Earth's silver rivers on that sacred morn.
—Bryant.

What babe new born is this that in a manger cries?
Near on her lowly bed his happy mother lies.
Oh, see the air is shaken with white and heavenly wings!
This is the Lord of all the earth, this is the King of Kings.
—R. W. Gilder.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall;
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall.
—Thomas Haynes Bayly.

For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make,
We bring our precious gifts to them
Even for the dear child Jesus' sake.
—Phoebe Cary.

His Delicate Proposal.

Gladys (on Christmas morning)—What a dear little clock! Who gave you that?

Marjorie—George, of course.

Gladys—Is it going?

Marjorie—Oh, no! George wishes me to understand that I may set my own time.—Smart Set.

Stupid George.

"Are you going to hang up any mistletoe?"

"No, I'm not. I put some up last year, and George asked if it wasn't asparagus."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE TRUTH ABOUT .....SANTA CLAUS

Of course there's a Santa Claus! Every one knows it—
That is, every one who has good sense and shows it.
There are those who doubt love and religion and morals—
Those people who always are seeking for quarrels
On questions of faith and are ever lamenting
The existence of things to which there's no dissenting.
They would have all the dear little children believing
There isn't a Santa, but their aim's deceiving.
He's jolly and big, and his nickname's Kris Kringle;
God pity the child who has not heard the jingle

Of his silver bells as he comes swift a-sleighing
When his annual visit of love he's a-paying!
He's round, and he's fat, and his whiskers are whitened
With centuried snows, but his good face is lightened
With the cheery warm nature that keeps you supernal—
And will make dear old Santa Claus last time eternal.

So, children, don't think when you hang up each stocking
That there is no Santa Claus—that would be shocking—
Because while you're snugly and cozily sleeping
He'll come with his reindeer all madly a-leaping
And from his rich load in a trice will be taking
And leaving the gifts that will gladden your waking!
—Washington Star

But They Use Them.

The danger of carrying an argument to its logical conclusion is thus set forth by the Chicago Post: They were at a picnic. "Fingers were made before forks," she laughed as she helped herself in democratic fashion. "Yes," he admitted, "and people were made before clothes." She hastily reached for a fork.

A TROPICAL CHRISTMAS

How the Day of Days Is Celebrated In Jamaica

CHRISTMAS with the mercury at 95 degrees in the shade and soaring away out of sight when exposed in the open! The burning, almost boiling, rays of the sun beat vertically down from a deep blue dome of sky that is unflecked by a single film of cloud, and reflect back with added intensity of suffering heat from the parched, baked and cracked earth and from the surface of a sea that shimmers like molten lead. Christmas in a land of perpetual summer, and a hot wave at that, where a linen suit feels like a buffalo robe and the mere thought of a blazing Yule log almost induces an attack of fever! The calendar may insist that it is the 25th of December, but to a stranger from the north, says a newspaper correspondent from Kingston, Jamaica, to whom the word "Christmas" has a jingle of sleighbells and the sharp keen ring of skate blades on the ice, there is no real Christmas in the torrid countries of the tropics.

In Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, the preparations for Christmas begin several weeks before the event. The shopkeepers lay in extra supplies and provide special attractions, pretty much after the manner of the New York stores. Among other things they import large quantities of sweetmeats and candies from London, New York and Paris, including chocolate creams and other confectionery which New Yorkers are accustomed to getting "fresh every hour." In Jamaica you are reasonably sure of getting these delicacies fresh every Christmas. Chocolate grows in great abundance all over the island, but it must go to London or Paris or New York to be manufactured into candy, or even into the preparations for breakfast beverages. This is one of the expensive peculiarities of the country. The Christmas market is the great feature of the day and almost the principal event of the year in a certain sense. Everybody goes to market on Christmas day, and between the hours of 6 and 9 in the morning all the fashion and beauty of the island's capital are on dress parade through Victoria market.

The stalls in the market are gayly decorated with flags, bunting, palm branches, colored paper, tinsel and an abundance of flowers. A brass band occupies a prominent position in the market building and discourses music of great volume and variety and more or less melody. After the crowds fairly take possession of the market the performance of the band appears to be mostly pantomimic, for nothing made by the hand of man can for a moment compete in noise producing capacity with the average Jamaican negro.

A NATIVE DUDE IN HOLIDAY DRESS

The West Indian negro's great weakness is a love of gay apparel, next is a predilection for ceremoniousness, and the most prominent affliction is garrulity. In the crowd that surges past one through the market and the surrounding streets may be seen every variety of apparel known to civilized and uncivilized man. The country people wear little or nothing, the coolies as little as nothing, but the town negro wears everything he or she can put on, without any regard whatever to the climatic conditions. They take their notions from the English fashion papers, and heavy woolen clothing is all the style. The writer has even seen sealskins worn in Kingston on a day when the thermometer registered 90 degrees in the shade. Here is a stylish saddle colored gentleman wearing loud check trousers, patent leather shoes, a striped flannel shirt of three colors, a crimson and black sash around his waist, a blue English cricketing cap on his head. In his hand he carries an immense cane, while screwed into his left eye is a circular piece of perfectly plain glass, through which he glares stonily on the throng. Not long ago the single eyeglass became very popular among Kingston society darkies, but they could not get along with the glasses that magnified, so some enterprising merchant imported a lot of circular pieces of plain window glass, and all the dudes wore them, happily and idiotically.

An Old Hand.

Tailor (to applicant for a job)—We want a good cutter. Have you had much experience in the tailoring line?

Applicant (with a confident smile)—I never had a suit of clothes ready when I said I would since I've been in the business.

Tailor—You'll do. You're an old hand, I see.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

Where America's Supply of Mistletoe Comes From.

Year after year Christmas comes and goes, and joy and merrymaking bring no whit of interest or sentiment for young or old, and, while always new each season in their giving of pleasure, the same old customs continue to prevail with alterations in detail only.

The day would hardly seem like Christmas without the hanging of Christmas greens, and, though a greater variety is offered in the way of decorations than formerly, those are still most liked and used that bear out the old practices and significance, and chief among them are the mistletoe and holly, whose very names carry one back to the days of ancient English cheer and Yuletide, with wassail bowl, Yule log and joyous merrymaking.

The most favored mistletoe comes from across seas, but some is sent from Canada and the south, where, particularly in Texas, it grows in large clumps on the live oak trees, always to the latter's gradual destruction, for, being a parasite, it saps the oak's lifeblood, flourishing luxuriantly the while. It is not so artistic in appearance as its English cousin, the leaves more commonplace and the berries smaller and poorer in quality, though more in quantity. Strange to say, the Texas mistletoe, like the prophet in his own country, is not greatly prized at home, and at few of the Christmas festivities does it make part of the decoration, while in all other quarters a cluster of the oddly shaped green leaves and opaque white berries must almost of necessity be suspended in the doorway or from the chandelier when Christmas comes in, and it never fails to cause the same jesting and merriment, for a kiss stolen under the mistletoe is one's right, and the pilferer cannot with justice receive rebuff.—Selected.

S. CLAUS' MAIL HELD UP.

Bushels of Letters That the Old Man Never Will Receive.

Sometimes the address on the envelope starts "Deer," which, of course, means "Dear," and again it is "Dere" or "Deir." But even these remarkable spellings are nothing compared with the two words that follow. They read "Santy Klaws" or "Sant Clos" or "Saint Claus," and they are in handwritings compared to which Babylonic cuneiform is as a primer.

They are coming into the dead letter office in this city by the hundreds these days, and, although the clerks in that division are the most painstaking of men and can decipher an actual address from a mass of hieroglyphs, they never have been able to learn the exact location of either the business office or home of one S. Claus, Esq., manufacturer of toys.

So these letters never reach their destination. They would be returned to the senders only for the sad fact that when they are opened the inclosures almost invariably look as if a spider had got drunk on a bottle of ink and had tried to perform a mixture of highland fling and cakewalk on the paper. The most that can be made out is the invariable beginning, "Please bring me"—

Last year in the dead letter division there was a bushel basket of these missives, doomed never to be seen by Santa Claus. And this year letter boxes are furnishing additions at every collection.—New York Press.

THE YULETIDE LOG.

An Ancient Custom Still Observed In the North of England.

A custom at one time prevalent in England and still observed in some of the northern districts of the old country is that of placing an immense log of wood—sometimes the root of a great tree—in the wide chimney place. This is often called the Yule log, and it was on Christmas eve that it was put on the wide hearth. Around it would gather the entire family, and its entrance was the occasion of a great deal of ceremony. There were music and rejoicing, while the one authorized to light it was obliged to have clean hands.

It was always lighted with a brand left over from the log of the previous year, which had been carefully preserved for the purpose. A poet sings of it in this way:

With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending
On your psalteries play
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a-tending.

The Yule log was supposed to be a protection against evil spirits, and it was considered a bad omen if the fire went out before the evening was over. The family and guests used to seat themselves in front of the brightly burning fire, and many a story and merry jest went round the happy group.—New York Mail and Express.

What He Heard.

Little Montague—I was awake when Santa Claus came, dad.

Father—Were you? And what was he like, eh?

Little Montague—Oh, I couldn't see him. It was dark, you know. But when he bumped himself on the washstand he said—

Father (hastily)—There, that'll do, Monty. Run away and play.—Punch.

Just Her Luck.

Mrs. P. Nurius—I dreamed last night that you gave me a diamond ring for Christmas.

Mr. P. Nurius—That's just your luck. Dreams always go by contraries.

With Apologies to Riley.

There's a Christmas touch in the air
I feel it, somehow, everywhere.
I feel it at home; it makes me blue,
I feel it at the office too.
My bank account is tinged with care;
There's a Christmas touch in the air.
—Life.

Administrators' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of I. P. Wahlin, late of Smethport Boro, McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to John A. Lindholm residing in said borough, county and state, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment at once, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

JOHN A. LINDHOLM,
Administrator.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 26, 1902.

Curried.

Miss Frontpew—Is it true that the new tenor in our choir was arrested at Mrs. Goldmore's reception for forgeries he had committed [illegible]?

Mrs. Highchurch—Yes. He had just finished singing "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" in a way that brought a tear to every eye when the Richmond sheriff came in with requisition papers for him.

It Is Curious.

"It's curious," said Uncle Eben. "Nobody wouldn't think of tryin' to play de banjo wifout takin' a few lessons, but ev'rybody thinks he could step in an' run de gov'ment wifout no practice whatever."—Washington Star.

Bridle your tongue and you saddle your temper.—New York Press.

Cast iron articles were first made in England in the year 1700.

Colegrove's Christmas Groceries

Fruits and Vegetables.

Oranges and Lemons
Apples, Cranberries, Celery,
Sweet Potatoes, Turnips, Squash
Olives and Holly.

Table Delicacies.

Figs, Fancy Cluster Malaga,
~~Raisins in cartons,~~
Mixed Nuts and Walnuts
Pineapples and Cherries,
Malaga Grapes, Mince Meat,
Jellies, Jams and Preserves,
Count Oysters,
Collins' Celebrated Bread.

J. COLEGROVE,
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Next to Bank.

Christmas Groceries.

Now is the time to fill your house with delicacies and dainties for the holidays. We have been for months, gathering articles to tempt the most fastidious. The assortment consists entirely of high class edibles. Your order will be appreciated and receive prompt attention. We can do as well as anyone on prices, and better on quality.

SOME THINGS YOU WANT.

Oranges, Grapes, Bananas, Apples, Figs, Dates, Table Raisins, Celery, Cabbage, Squash, Carrots, Turnips, Beets, Onions, Sweet Potatoes, Cranberries, &c., &c.

SHEPARD & GALLUP,
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The Shoes Are in the Stockings.

this time, or will be when the wise Santa Claus makes his rounds.

At present the shoes that will make the most pleasing

Holiday Gifts

are in our store. Got the largest, best assorted and finest line of Ladies', Men's, Boys', Misses' and Children's footwear.

Any of our large stock of shoes would certainly be worthy of putting into the best stocking.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

NEW HOLIDAY GOODS.

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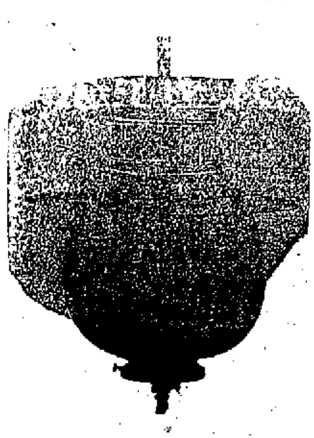
A large assortment of Handkerchiefs Dolls, Fancy Work Boxes, Glove and Handkerchief Sets, Toilet Cases, Boudoir Sets, Perfumes, Gloves, etc.

A new lot of Fur Scarfs just received which will make a nice Christmas present.

Great Reduction on Millinery.

Mrs. H. E. Hinman,
SMETHPORT, PA.



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This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

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Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

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